

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Whole No. 87

Around Town.

There is a great outcry in England over the proposal to pension the son and daughter of the Prince of Wales at the public expense. There have been times in the British Islands when radicalism was much more rampant than it is now, when criticism of grants to royalty were more vicious, but there has never been a more beloved sovereign on the throne or one so prolific in children and grandchildren, so exacting or so numerous in his or her demands on the public purse when seeking to provide for numerous children and grandchildren. That so many of the royal offspring have wedded German princes and princelings poverty-stricken in all but pedigree and requiring their entire support from their mother-in-law or grandmamma-in-law has been exasperating to the English people, and this exasperation has been increased by the lordly airs of these pensioners of royal bounty when domesticated in England amongst those who have furnished them the means of subsistence. Indeed England has been irritated up to a point where no more Battenburgs would be tolerated. It is not difficult from the Queen's standpoint to understand that it would be a bad precedent to permit a scion of royalty to marry without asking for a vote from the "faithful Commons." If such a precedent were established royalty of either one or two removes might thereafter open a peanut stand for all the people would care, for England as well as America has become democratic, and the Englishmen who toil can see no reason why the grandson of a king or queen should be exempt from the task of providing for himself. I have no idea that Her Majesty believes that this sort of thing will go on forever. The large hoard she has made is doubtless intended to provide for her family when it becomes impossible to obtain a vote from that "faithful Commons" which has been so often appealed to. It is a question, however, if she is not precipitating that day. Like the Jesuits—I do not mean in the ordinary methods of business, but in asking too much—Her Majesty may alarm her subjects, lest in providing for her children and grandchildren they overburden themselves. When the Jesuits made their demand in Lower Canada and had their request granted, they thought they had achieved a signal triumph when, as a matter of fact, they brought upon Roman Catholicism in Canada the most disastrous fight with public opinion it has undergone for a great many years. The greed of gain appears not to be too ignoble to linger in the royal heart, nor does the place of its abiding make it less an object of aversion to those who comprehend the unworthiness of the passion, or feel themselves the victims of it. I dare venture to predict that one of the disadvantages of the long, peaceful and prosperous reign of Queen Victoria will be that she has encumbered the kingdom with too many offspring who are sustained by public money. So large an army of pensioners on the people's bounty are a continual reminder to the vast number of poor who witness royal incomings and outgoings, of the unequal division of that which is produced by toil. It is unfortunate, because popular institutions as well as monarchical ones have their weaknesses, and also entail enormous expenses. But when the people share that which the people have given, they feel that it has been returned unto them, whereas, when the few absorb it without effort or recompense, or even acknowledging that it has been produced by the whole community, it results in jealousy and heartburnings which will not be quieted by any sentiment of love or reverence.

Now in the summer time when those with and without means for enjoying a holiday are seeking change of pasture and on the lookout for pleasant places for summering, we are involuntarily and frequently introduced to that large and growing class who are well known as Spongers. When Mr. and Mrs. Spangler discuss where they will go they reckon upon their fingers the various people with whom they are acquainted and calculate the chances of having the dog set on them if they have their luggage unloaded before the door of the victim. During the winter and all other unseasonable times they have been importuning their friends to come and stay with them, thoroughly understanding that such an arrangement would be impossible. In the summer they take advantage of this by writing cagging letters and dropping very broad hints as to whether it would be convenient to entertain a few friends passing through the city. Once planted in the house, nothing but smallpox will drive them out. If they have a friend in Muskoka, or at any watering place, they begin the campaign early in March, and get a doubtful invitation about the latter part of May. Before the season fairly sets in, they are on deck and enjoy themselves hugely, though they see their host and hostess worn down and weary doing the work such as is ordinarily done by those who keep summer boarders. Perhaps three or four outifts of Spongers quarter themselves on the same unfortunate family, with no good result to the victim except that one Sponge crowds out another. But Mr. and Mrs. and Miss and Master Spangler can eat, drink and be merry, even though those who are providing the repast look haggard and haunted. They propose, with charming alacrity, many excursions and picnics, the chief part in which is the getting ready of the provender by the victim of their rapacity. The Sponge family will even go so far as to invite guests to the house of their entertainer, in order that the sweet days of June may be more pleasant to themselves.

even if they are a little more hideous to their victims.

The Spangler outfit go out in the country and visit their friends on the farm, calculating to come home towards fall loaded down with fresh butter and eggs and hams and hens as the expiatory offering of those who are glad to get rid of them at any price. Miss Spangler will go out and spread herself on the farm, permit her hostess to wash her white skirts and underwear, starch and iron the same every week in order to enable the aforesaid Miss Spangler to show the country boys how much superior she is in taste to the dowdy country girls who are paying the piper. She will insist on having one of the horses taken away from farm work to haul her selfish little carcass to picnics, calculating on getting all the choice morsels at the table, lies abed till ten o'clock, has to have a special breakfast prepared for her by the women of the house who are already tired enough at that early hour to lie down and die. She thinks it fun to "cut out" the young ladies with whom she is visiting and to capture the affections of the country goslings who have heretofore been admiring the young women who are now employed in doing Miss Spangler's laundry work and preparing her meals. There is nothing so awful in the history of

whom they inflict themselves should have self-respect enough to refuse to tolerate them.

Hospitality is one of the most beautiful of graces, nor is it confined to civilization. There are few people so barbarous that they will refuse to entertain the passing stranger. There are indeed but few who are rude enough to be tardy in their invitation, but with civilization and the conveniences provided for travelers the duties in this respect are much less difficult. If the hospitality of the frontiersmen were to be the rule of conduct in a large city a man would need to have a five-hundred roomed house and the fortune of a Vanderbilt in order to stand the pressure. Out on the edge of civilization where there are no places for the entertainment of the traveler—who is not presumed to be abroad for pleasure—it is felt to be a duty to entertain all who may come whether or not they have money to pay for their food and lodging. Even so, the calls upon them are not numerous, the trouble not great, the expense not trifling. In a city where there are plenty of hotels people do not expect to entertain anyone save those whom they have invited or those who are so near of kin that they have a right to a chair at the table and a bed in which to sleep. Nothing is more delightful than to be surrounded by one's friends, chosen

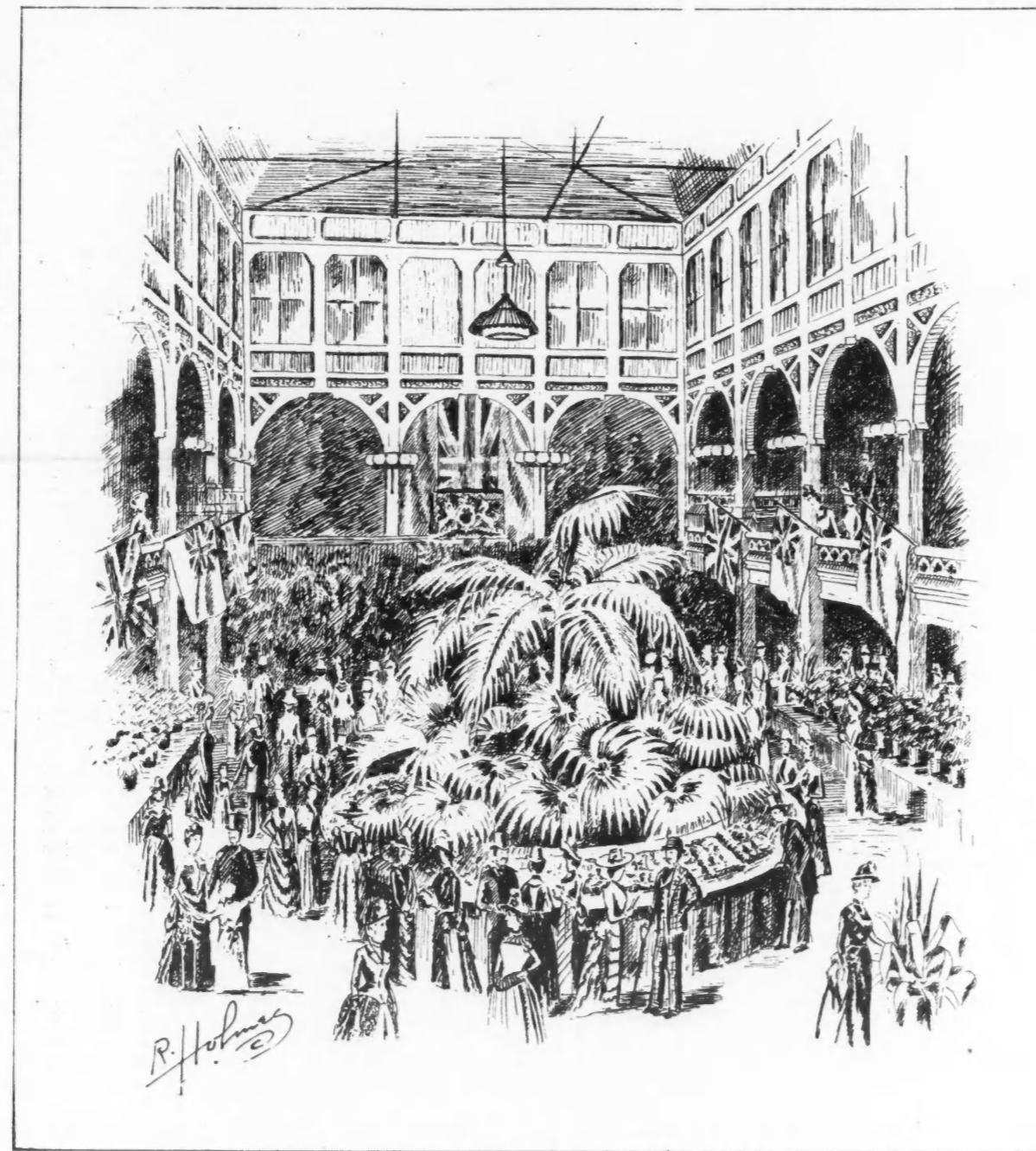
apathy, have seized so much, that at last they have reached the point where alarm bells have been rung and all the citizens are prepared to make an organized resistance. While it is the rule with the majority of business people to take all they can get one can hardly blame railway corporations for their rapacity when we remember that the machinery for obtaining grants from the city has been so easily worked, while those whose duty it has been to restrain plunderers and watch the public interest, have been so easily persuaded, or have slept so soundly on duty, that no persuasion was necessary. In the early days of Toronto, and of Canadian railways, the railway was greater than the city. It could make and unmake towns, and it became the municipal fashion to be exuberantly generous in order to obtain the good will of a railway. Cities not only failed to guard their interests when obtaining a railroad connection, but were willing to pay enormous sums for the privilege of being railway centers. Beginning on this plan it is not wonderful that far-sighted railway men seized as much as they could, obtained absurdly broad agreements, pretended to have obtained grants which were entirely mythical, but to which now, after so many years, they seem to have a possessory title. But in their efforts to en-rich themselves, the railways

pose to let them prevent other railroads obtaining entrance. Whenever a new railroad endeavored to get into Toronto there was a fight with the Grand Trunk which pretended to own the entire E-planade. Even the C. P. R. had great difficulty in obtaining entrance, only succeeding a few years ago by acquiring the Credit Valley, which in its time had a desperate fight to get in. The Toronto rights of a railroad are one of its greatest assets. The city, realizing this, proposes to find out if the community owns any rights which may be considered a civic asset. If the Citizens' Committee which has just been formed begins to investigate, many railroad claims which have been lazily admitted will be found to be spurious. If it be decided that a viaduct is necessary to Toronto's progress and the safety of life and property even the admitted rights of the railways will have to yield. The same power which enables a railroad to expropriate land necessary for its use can be enforced to the extent of expropriating railroad property which is necessary for the public use. The citizens who have taken this matter in hand are business men. They have no fight with the railways, indeed the city as a whole hopes for the success, and is willing to do everything reasonable for the convenience of carriers by land and water, for upon them largely depends the commercial progress of the city. I believe too, that if the railroads are brought face to face with this problem and a determined people they will accept the inevitable and assist to carry out a scheme whereby the whole of Toronto's water front will be transformed from a dingy death trap to a beautiful and well organized esplanade. How different from what it is now will be the approach to the city when one is greeted by a line of trees, pleasant walks and cleanly wharves! All this will be accomplished if the viaduct is built, and instead of a crowd of people waiting for a train to pass before they can get to or from a boat, or rushing pell-mell across a network of iron, they can proceed comfortably and safely to their destination. The magnitude of the benefit is being appreciated and the greatness of the expense will not deter thoughtful people from giving all the assistance possible to the scheme.

The Citizens' Association, managed on proper lines, will have many other uses. Philadelphia has its Committee of One Hundred, whose influence in civic elections is almost final; and, so far, it has not been used except to the city's advantage. The Philadelphia committee places a municipal ticket in the field, the candidates are selected from amongst the most capable and honest men, and they are almost invariably elected. It is time that Toronto had such an organization. Her interests have outgrown the village methods of to day, and if the public will but recognize and assist in the work of the committee, which is not intended to be a carp and criticizing affair like the old Property Owners' Association, great and much-needed reforms will be brought about.

The pique spirit in which criticism of public men is very often made is well exemplified by the row the *Telegram* is making because Mayor Clarke, after the successful accomplishment of his mission to England, has seen fit to take a few weeks in which to familiarize himself with municipal work in the Old Countries. It is possible Mayor Clark may be enjoying himself and adding a great deal of pleasure to a little business, but the citizens do not begrudge him his brief holiday because they remember his untiring labor during the year and a half which preceded it, when his whole time, night and day was devoted to the city's interests. We cannot expect faithful service to be performed if it is met by such ignoble and ungrateful mud throwing.

The death of the Hon. Timothy Blair Pardee removed from Ontario politics the shrewdest and most far-sighted of our provincial politicians. With a knowledge of human nature possessed by few he was the engineer who made run smoothly the party machinery which is already creaking loudly since his skilled hand has been removed. Now that the sods cover his coffin we see the usual spectacle of those who opposed him during life going in mourning because of his death. The kind words which were refused him in his lifetime by his opponents are being spoken with a sincerity which, were he alive, would encourage him to a patriotism perhaps greater than he exemplified when in office. Is it to be wondered that a man is a partisan and looks to his party rather than to his country for applause when the smallest need of praise is withheld from him until his heart cannot be warmed by words of encouragement? No doubt it will always be so but there will never be a race of broad-minded patriots while it is so. Only the strongest men, men of supreme ability, and calm and conspicuous courage, will dare to lose the praise of a faction and at the same time risk the enmity of their opponents by being independent and purely patriotic. The need of praise which makes an industrious and honest lad out of the careless school-boy would, if given by the people to their statesmen, purify politics, and make brave and useful leaders out of those who now are forced into scheming and corruption in order to retain power. Suspicion rather than evil tendencies is to blame for driving honest men to vice and crime. In politics the reform in this matter must come from the people. While two factions oppose each other in a legislature, nothing can be done, but when independence is permitted in the constituencies it will have



THE FLOWER SHOW.

selfishness and laziness and adamantine cheek as the Spangler family on their summer tour, and the titterings which are heard when the Spongers get together are very likely produced by pleasant little reminiscences of the awkwardness or embarrassment of those who are entertaining them. They come out being invited and refuse to go until it is made obvious to them that there is going to be a strike. My advice to people who are afflicted with this sort of person is to kick the first night, starve them at the inaugural meal, set them at hard labor in the house or in the back yard before they get time to settle themselves down, or if you have no compunction, tell them in cold and clammy speech the fact that you don't intend to be imposed upon. If you do not do it they will be giving directions to the servants and start running the house before nightfall. The shotgun and unchained bulldog or a good big hickory club are all legitimate weapons to be used against the Spangleds. They travel on the idea that everybody is glad to see them. They don't really think so. They know they are glad to see no one themselves and they have nothing from which to reason out the presumption that they are welcome anywhere. It is a cold, cruel fact that they don't care whether they are wanted or not. They have not self-respect enough to feel injured if they are not welcomed, and for that reason people upon

because they can entertain while they are being entertained, or because they are loved or are akin to those who have been loved; but if one of the Spongers obtrudes himself or herself into such company the pleasure is at once ruined, for invited and welcome guests realize the fact that one has come who is a bore and a burden, and to sensitive people with this knowledge comes a questioning of their own status, then doubts, uneasiness, and an excuse for departure. It is not what the Spangle consumes or the space that he or she occupies, it is the miserable effect on everybody else which must rank as the chief offence. Do not think because I write this that I am inhospitable, for it is not so. I like my friends, I like them to come and see me and feel perfectly at home, and everything I have is willing, in reason, to divide with them, but I want to do the inviting myself, up to a point where an established friendship makes an invitation unnecessary. I am writing this for hospitality's sake, and with the hope of encouraging down-trodden people to kick and help exterminate that pestiferous guest, The Spangle.

It is seldom that any movement for the city's good is so general and unanimous as the one inaugurated by Mr. W. R. Brock for reclaiming the city's water front. Like many other corporations the railway companies have been asking for so much, and, depending upon public

have not even confined themselves to that which they pretend they have purchased, or that which it is alleged has been granted, but claim the right to take anything they please within gun shot of their line if it suits their convenience, offering no better excuse than that it is necessary for them, custom having always permitted them to act in that way, and urging that if their unreasonable requests are not acceded to they will discriminate against the locality. As it is true there was a time when railways were not so powerful so it is true now that Toronto has become too populous and too influential to submit to any such brigandage laws. New railroads are now seeking to obtain entrance to Toronto, the latest competitor being the New York Central, one of the most powerful corporations in the world. The Delaware and Lackawanna is also endeavoring to have direct communication with this city. Toronto is the distributing point for Ontario and is rapidly becoming the commercial metropolis of Canada. As westward the tide of empire takes its way, so increases Toronto's greatness. It has now become the Chicago of Canada. As no western railway can be constructed without a Chicago connection, so no eastern road is now properly established without having access to Toronto.

Toronto is not ungrateful to the roads that are already at her door, but she does not pro-

some chance of asserting itself in parliament.

Following is a list of contributions received for the Babies' Fresh Air Fund. They are not as numerous as I had hoped for, but this acknowledgment will doubtless bring to mind the worthiness of the object and next week give me an opportunity of publishing a much longer list. This week the most of the contributions are large. I would rather have seen one hundred and fifty letters containing a dime each than three containing five dollars, though, of course, the hundred and fifty with five dollars each would have been still better:

A. H.	85 00
J. W. B.	2 00
M. M. Whitford	2 00
R. B. S.	1 00
A friend of children	5 00
L.	50
Employee of B. Spain	2 00
B. H.	50
C. C. P.	50
Total	815 50

"The Little Ones' Friends" send a letter, but there was no money enclosed.

Following is a letter from Mr. J. J. Kelso, treasurer of the fund, which will afford an opportunity of judging how much good can be done with a little money. Just think, that \$5 will send fifty children away for a day's outing! How could you give so much pleasure in any other way by the expenditure of \$5? If you only send 10 cents, remember that it gives a child a day's enjoyment, perhaps a fresh lease of life. The idea suggested by Mr. Kelso of obtaining some ground and building cottages where these poor youngsters can have a good time, is an excellent one, and should receive the most generous support of the public:

DEAR SIR,—I noticed with a good deal of pleasure your kind reference to the Children's Fresh Air movement in the last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, and feel that I ought to thank you on behalf of the children, though of course it is unnecessary for me to do so, seeing that everyone has a right to take an interest in the little ones who have to suffer for the vice or poverty of their parents.

That good work is done by the Fresh Air Fund is, I think, beyond all doubt. I often wish that everybody could see, as I have, the great pleasure and happiness that is brought to those little hearts, many of them accustomed only to abuse and toll and neglect, by a day in the country under charge of good-hearted mission workers. We have taken out mothers, too, who had not been on a similar trip in twelve and four years, and who were beginning to think that such things were over for them.

Apropos o' what you have already published, I might state that \$5 pays the entire expenses of taking twenty-six children to one of the lake side parks, and giving them two meals and all the milk they can drink. We have a large number of small excursions, seventy-five to one hundred children, and four \$5 subscriptions pay the day's expenses.

On the large general trips where we take seven hundred children from all over the city for an afternoon on the lake and a plentiful supply of refreshments, the cost is about \$75, or 10 cents per child.

We are at present thinking of securing a piece of ground somewhere on the lake front near the city, and establishing a children's summer home and picnic grounds. We would then be able to give delicate poor children a week or fortnight in the country, and by making special arrangements we could have weekly excursions to our own grounds, fitted up with swings, etc., and provided with different games for the diversion of the youngsters. At present we have some difficulty, as managers of summer resorts are afraid to take our excursions, lest it should hurt their other business.

Trusting you will not find this letter tiresome, I remain yours sincerely,

J. J. KELSO.

The discussion anent Sunday street cars is increasing in volume and, I am sorry to see, somewhat in bitterness. All those who oppose this service are not necessarily fanatics or hypocrites. The majority of them are honest, but I hate to see people frightened by a spook. Many opponents of Sunday street cars imagine that beer gardens, open stores, noisy factories will be the next step, with drunkenness, debauchery and ruin to follow later on. Now this is purely imaginary. There are few places where liquor is sold in Toronto now than there were ten years ago, though the population has largely increased. What is the reason? Public sentiment has been educated up to the point of believing that the liquor traffic should be restricted, and it has been restricted accordingly. Artisans and mechanics work fewer hours now than they did ten years ago. Why? Because the workingmen have been educated up to the point of understanding that it is not the number of hours they work which brings riches to themselves or their employers, and that leisure is necessary both to their happiness and their progress. Street car horses work fewer hours now than they did ten years ago. Why? Because their owners find it more profitable to take care of their horses than to kill them by overwork. These are but a few examples showing the progress of public sentiment towards more rest and shorter hours of labor. If the street cars were run on Sunday the horses would not work an hour longer because it would not pay the street car company to so arrange their programme. I will not deny that men might be forced to work more hours, if it were possible, but the by-law which permits cars to run on Sunday can stipulate that men shall not work more than sixty hours per week, which I believe, is about the time they have to labor at present. I think such a stipulation to be absolutely necessary to protect the men. But with that clause it would be quite safe. Now can anyone tell me what reasonable connection there is between Sunday street cars and beer gardens? We have a law prohibiting beer gardens, prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sundays, and it will not be interfered with. Public sentiment would not permit it. Regard for the public good would prevent any respectable journal or public speaker from suggesting it. With due deference to those who are so very earnest, and in some instances so extremely acid, on this question, I venture to suggest that a little more tolerance would not weaken their presentation of the case. In these matters we have to rely on public sentiment, not on city by-laws.

"Of all the ills that human-kind endure,
That part is small which laws can cause or cure."

As I said last week, with a street car service, I believe fewer men and horses would be employed on Sundays in Toronto than are working under the present restrictions, and thousands more people would be benefited. It is not a movement in the direction of more Sunday work, but that Sunday labor and inconvenience be decreased.

DOX.

Social and Personal.

The Toronto Electoral Society held its annual exhibition in the Pavilion on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon and evening, and thousands took advantage of the opportunity to view again this most beautiful and interesting of all our annual exhibitions. The display this year is considered ahead of any previous exhibition, and as the Society's motto seems to be "Onward and Upward," it will not be long till the Flower Fete of Toronto will aspire to the lavish proportions and gorgeous luxuriance which characterized the Parisian *batteille des fleurs* described in SATURDAY NIGHT last week.

The excellent sketch of the Pavilion with its treasures of garden and conservatory published on another page, conveys a better idea of the flower show than half a column of description could give. One has but to imagine the deep green of the foliage and the variegated hues and tints of the delicately-petaled blossoms, to understand the beauty of the scene. The tall ferns and palms add to the gentler beauty of the garden an air of the wild luxuriance of the tropics. The display is a credit to the taste of those who arranged the grouping of the plants as well as to the skill which produced such rare, beautiful, often delicate specimens of vegetable life. The specimens of fruit shown were large and luscious, and tempting enough to allure the most delicate epicure in that line.

The flowers exercised their fascinating power on the ladies, and I saw many a "Prosperine" among the flowers, herself a fairer flower. The flower show is much like an oasis in a desert to those who have not taken them selves to "the lands where the woodbine twineth," and still remain in the city. They certainly all took advantage of it, and I saw many who had come in from resorts near town to see the brilliant display, to hear the band play and have a chat with their friends. The Queen's Own Band, with Mr. Bayley wielding the baton was present both evenings and played excellent selections. No more pleasing way of spending a summer evening, when not too warm, could be devised than to sit in the gallery of the Pavilion, listen to the music and watch the restless throng below, as they study and comment on the floral treasures spread before them.

Rev. Dr. Armstrong of Moorstown, recently elected chaplain of Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., is very popular with the fraternity, and it is said intends to make his position the means of doing a good work which has not heretofore been attempted by any layman of the office.

Mrs. Alex. Nairn, Miss Aggie Nairn, Miss Carrie Nairn and Miss Jean Thomson leave for Windermere, Muskoka, next week.

Mrs. Henry B. Sawle of Caledonia, who is staying for a week or two with Mr. J. McArthur Griffith at The Cottage, Metcalf street, was at the Long Branch At Home.

Mrs. J. S. Thatcher of Dallas, Texas, with her sister, Miss Adams of Chicago is spending the summer with Mrs. Day of Jarvis street.

The following are at Maplehurst Hotel, Muskoka: Mr. F. Warren, Mr. J. T. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Brown, of Toronto: Mr. W. R. Gibbons of Coldwater, Ont., the Misses Gibbons of London, Eng., Miss Priming, Mrs. Hoare, Mr. John Sycamore, Mr. W. H. Seymour, of Toronto; Mr. K. D. Bishop and family of Cleveland, O., Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Miss Bates, of Toronto; Mrs. and Miss Samson, Mrs. Mizner, of Detroit; Mrs. John Burns, Mr. John Burns, Jr., of Toronto; Mr. D. W. Cledenan and family of West Toronto Junction, Mrs. R. H. Green and Miss Lyla Green of Hamilton, Mr. E. C. Rutherford of Toronto.

It was incorrectly announced last week that Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Taylor were spending the summer at Halifax, N. S. It should have read at Asbury Park, New Jersey.

The following list gives the names of some of those who have enjoyed the Muskoka breezes at Monteith House: Mrs. and Miss Brotherhard, of Stratford, Messrs. A. E. Doherty, Wm. Thompson, J. G. Gibson, L. P. Meyer, T. J. Musgrave of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. David Spy and Mr. W. Smith, of Barrie; Mr. and Mrs. H. Fortier, Mr. A. H. Cassells, Mr. J. Welker, Mr. R. Welker, Mr. T. L. Morison, Mrs. Morison, Miss E. Morison, Miss McDermid, Mrs. Harris, Mr. Haas, Mrs. Young, Mr. Donald, of Toronto; Mr. R. A. Morrison of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. John Challen of Brantford, and Mr. W. H. Otter of Barrie.

Mrs. Alick Wilkins and family, also her sister, Mrs. J. Warren Reid and family of Ottawa, are at Niagara-on-the-Lake for the summer.

Mr. Henry Brock of Upper Canada College has rented Mr. LeFevre's house at Stony Lake, Lakefield, and is spending the summer there with his family.

Mr. Fred Teviotdale has gone to Muskoka for a month's fishing.

Mr. Maurice J. Taylor and Miss Florence Taylor are doing the continent, and when last heard from were sojourning at Bingen on the Rhine.

Miss Linda Conibay has returned home from the Oshawa Ladies' College, where she has just graduated.

Among the saloon passengers sailing from New York last Thursday, for Europe, per State of Nebraska, was Mrs. J. M. Crowley, wife of the principal of Toronto Business College.

Mr. Crowley will visit England, Ireland and Scotland and the Paris Exposition. She goes principally to benefit her health and will remain the greater part of three months at her mother's home in Scotland.

She Could Talk About Something Else.

Irate Husband—For heaven's sake, can't you talk about something besides dresses?

Wife—Certainly, my dear. You ought to see the bonnets they are making nowadays at Smith's. I stepped in to day and saw a beautiful thing in pink for only \$37, and others were of course a good deal more expensive. A \$50 gem just took my eye, but I thought I wouldn't get one that cost as much as that before I saw you. Of course I can talk about something besides dresses, you dear old hubby.

Mr. J. T. McKillop is spending his holidays at Orchard Beach.

The Long Branch At Home which was postponed last Friday night on account of rain, took place on Tuesday evening, and was one of the most successful affairs of the season. Over two thousand guests were present. The resort was illuminated with thousands of Chinese

lanterns hung among the trees, which gave the place the appearance of an enchanted garden when seen from the water. The summer costumes of the residents and their guests added a picturesque feature to the scene and gave the entertainment a delightful air of unceremoniousness. In the Pavilion Claxton's band furnished music for dancing which the coolness of the evening admitted of with a degree of comfort. Anderson's and Heintzman's bands also furnished music. The reception committee, composed of Messrs. Riches, Booth, Banfield, Lyon, Wellington, Allen, Tomlinson, Kelso, Mills, Dixon, Geddes, Somerville, Millar and Rutter, are to be congratulated on the successful result of their first At Home.

Out of Town.

BELLEVILLE.

Mr. John Grier of Chicago, the son of a former rector here, is on a short visit to Mr. W. N. Ponton this week.

Miss Grier, lady principal of the Church School, Toronto, and Miss Patton of Winnipeg are the guests of Miss Grace Ponton at Sidney Cottage.

Miss Mary Falkiner of Ballyrickard has returned from her trip to Hamilton and Toronto.

Mrs. Ridley of Ottawa and her two little boys are visiting her sisters, the Misses Murney, at Adjidamno.

Rev. S. Daw, rector of Christ Church, has returned to his duties with renewed health and vigor after his holiday trip.

Mr. Jaffray of St. Paul, Mo., is the guest of the Misses Starling.

Mr. Harry Parker of Molsons Bank, Morrisburg, is spending his holidays here with his parents.

Mr. W. H. H. Ponton, son of Mr. W. H. Ponton, has obtained an appointment in the Dominion Bank here.

Messrs. George Wallbridge, Harry Biggar, and Campbell and Gavin Wallbridge of Upper Canada College, Toronto, are home for the holidays.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at a progressive euchre party, given by Mr. and Mrs. Stork, of the Bank of Commerce, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Willie Northrup took the first lady's prize, a Japanese sabre and three vases; Dr. Cook won the first gentleman's prize, a hand-some thermometer; lady's progressive prize, Miss Emily Chandler, a hand-some china cup and saucer; gentleman's progressive prize, Mr. Willis Northrup, a little jews' case; lady's booby prize, "intended to console the booby," Miss Chandler, a box of gentlemen's booby prize, Col. Lazier, a pack of cards.

Miss E. H. Simpson gave a little impromptu dance on Friday evening to the young ladies visiting Mrs. J. P. Thomas. Only a small number were present, but they enjoyed themselves immensely.

Mr. H. Simpson of Hastings was in town on Friday.

Mr. Fred Quay has gone to Port Hope to spend part of his holidays at home.

The pretty Misses Pearson of Belleville are quite a attraction at the Everett Hotel, Old Orchard.

Mrs. Terrill and Miss Edith Terrill leave for Thousand Island Park this week.

The steam yacht Omata has been rechristened and refitted by her owners, Messrs. Corby and Carman. Some nice trips are already being planned by pleasant family parties.

MOUNT FOREST.

At the recent examination in connection with the Mount Forest High School musical department, three medals were awarded to the successful competitors. First gold medal for senior instrumental class, presented by Mrs. Yeomans, won by Miss B. McCullough. Silver medal for junior instrumental class, presented by Miss Kate Strong, won by Miss Lillian Morrison. Gold medal for sight singing, presented by Miss Mary Stenzel, won by Miss G. King. Miss Alice McFerdy, gold medalist of White College, was the competent examiner of the instrumental music. Mr. A. McKechnie and Miss H. Whelpley proved most satisfactory judges of the sight singing. The de artment, embracing both vocal and instrumental music, is the only one in Canada in connection with a high school, and was organized five years ago. Miss M. C. Strong, who sang so successfully at our recent musical convention, was the first teacher in the musical department; she was succeeded three years ago by her sister, Miss Kate Strong, the popular soprano.

Rev. S. H. Pendleton of Elora, Sudbury, Mich., is guest of his brother, Rev. E. Pendleton.

A quiet wedding took place in St. Paul's Church on July 11, when Miss Madeline, youngest daughter of Mr. H. Jelley, was married to Mr. Brough, English master, Kingston College Institute.

Mr. Hagarty, principal of Mount Forest High School, accompanied by Mrs. Hagarty, left last week to spend their vacation in the east.

The Misses Strong are spending their holidays at Fairmount Place, Paisley, with their sister, Mrs. W. Flood.

VALNER.

Mr. W. J. Tremear of the law firm of Stevens and Tremear, is enjoying a holiday trip at New York and other cities.

Mrs. Enoch Scott is spending a few days visiting friends in New York State.

Messrs. D. H. Price, D. C. Davis, Alex. Gloner, W. S. Caron and J. E. Black left on Monday to spend a fortnight at Long Point.

Mr. Eugene Davis, son of the Traders Bank is residing at Port Hope.

Mr. W. H. Rutherford, head master of the High School, is in Toronto acting as examiner of the first, second and third class paper of the High School. He will be absent about a month.

Miss Louise Hillis is visiting friends in Detroit at present.

Mr. Dresser of Rock Spring, Wyoming Territory, accompanied by his wife and family, are in town spending a few days with friends.

Messrs. Fred and Jas. Tuftord, who have been spending the past two weeks at Port Rowan, returned on Monday last.

Mr. W. H. DeCuir, son of Squire W. O. Glover, is home from Chittenango, N. Y., to spend the summer months in this cooler climate.

Miss Lida Hutchinson is spending a few days visiting friends in Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. James Wrong and William McCausland of Toronto, are spending a few days with friends and relatives in this town.

PORT SANDFIELD, MUSKOKA.

This season far surpasses any in this beautiful part of Muskoka, and so thoroughly appreciated that the society at Port Sandfield House is filled to the utmost. It is undoubtedly one of the most popular resorts on the lakes, and there is no lack of entertainment; every evening there is some amusement. This week there has been a skating match, at which Mr. Andrews, M. P. P., secured the prize, and on Wednesday last a most successful regatta in the afternoon, winding up with a concert, in which the following ladies and gentlemen took part: Miss Jessie Alexander, Miss Hirschfelder and Mrs. Saunders of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Hart of New York, Mr. Kier and others, the chairs were filled by ex-Ald. Morrison; the hall and verandahs were filled to the utmost, and the frequent encores spoke volumes for the talent displayed. Thursday is the regular weekly hop, which is always largely attended by the islanders. I should not forget that Monday next is to be the day of the grand regatta which is one of the events of the season. Among the many guests that are enjoying themselves here are: Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Aronsberg, Miss Jessie Alexander, Messrs. E. Restall, R. C. Fairbairn, L. D. Fairbairn, Mr. Donald, Mr. and Mrs. Williams and family, Miss Cair, Mrs. Jas. McFerdy, Miss Marshall, Wm. Pinkerton, and Mrs. S. B. Young and family, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. and Miss Barnett, Mrs. F. A. and Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Harris and family, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Brown, Mrs. John Morrison and family, Miss McDermid, Messrs. E. Dwyer, S. Haas, R. O'Brien, G. P. Kleiser, A. H. Cassells, Duncan Donald, R. A. Morrison, Jas. Walker, W. McFavish, J. M. Whitworth, Miss Anderson, Mr. J. M., Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, ex-Ald. Morrison, Mrs. Morrison and family, Mrs. and Mrs. M. C. Strong, Mrs. C. Marshall, Wm. Pinkerton, and Mrs. E. E. Marshall, Miss E. E. Marshall, Mrs. Peuchen and family of Toronto, R. W. Armstrong and family,

The Story of an African Farm.

In closing this remarkable book, I cannot call it a novel, as the plot is not sufficiently astounding for such an appellation, I lay it down with a sigh. In the author's preface to the second edition she remarks: "Dealing with a subject that is far removed from the round of English daily life, it of necessity lacks the charm that hangs about the ideal representation of familiar things." I sincerely hope the author will pardon me for presuming to differ from her there.

We are tired, ennuied, (I speak for the Canadian public) of the ideal representation of familiar things.

The nineteenth century reading public thirst for knowledge. History certainly supplies us to a certain extent with that knowledge, books of travel still more enlighten us as to the lives and habits of people living in foreign countries, but what more fascinating path to clearly understanding middle class life in Africa could we have than is portrayed in Olive Schreiner's book, *The Story of an African Farm*? What Rider Haggard has laid before us in his book *Jess*, in a vast number of superfluous words, and in a multitude of pages, that has Olive Schreiner written for us in a few brief lines. For instance, where she begins her story, can you not see clearly her description?

"The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain; the dry, sandy earth with its coating of stunted, narrow bushes a few inches high, the low hills that skirted the plain, the milk bushes, with their long, finger-like leaves—all were touched by a weird and almost oppressive beauty as they lay in the white light." What more graphic picture of an African plain, as we imagine it to be, could we have than this? And so it is with the rest of her book.

The motive of the book seems to be this: In that lonely land, and more particularly in farm life, where of necessity education and culture must be of scant description, thoughts would obtrude themselves that could not find vent amongst the youth of better-situated countries. And in the case of Waldo, what more pathetic, and even tragic, than his groping after religious truths—his half-crazed prayers to the Almighty for enlightenment, and after all his mental agony, the inevitable result in indifference!

The death of his father I consider to be one of the most pathetic scenes portrayed—indeed for pure pathos I think it equal to Charles Dickens' death-bed of Little Nell. Olive Schreiner says here: "But quiet as all places were, there was a peculiar quiet in the German's room, though you strained your ear most carefully you caught no sound of breathing." One feels the presence of death in this short passage, although it is not spoken of, and then again in further alluding to him she says: "So it smoothed out the wrinkles that were in the old forehead and fixed the passing smile and sealed the eyes that they might not weep again, and then the short sleep of time was melted into the long, long sleep of eternity." So graphically is this described that we forget that it is merely part of a story and find ourselves wishing that when the wings of "Azrael" overshadow us he may come just so gently.

In the character of Buonaparte Blenkins, I am sorry to say, is found a very familiar type of the *genus homo*. His frequent allusions to the Almighty do not strike us as blasphemy, being so intensely ludicrous.

The low characters who appear and disappear I consider drawn with wonderful clearness. The author has such a vigorous way of describing her characters that we feel we have seen and known just such people in ordinary life. No unnecessary time is taken up in portraying these characters, and I think that this is where the extraordinary genius of Olive Schreiner lies.

In the person of the first character she describes him in these few lines: "The world said of him, the omnipotent, all-seeing world, whom no locks can bar, who has the cat-like propensity of seeing best in the dark, the world said that better than books he loved the brandy, and better than books and brandy that which it had been better had he loved less. "But for the world he cared nothing, he smiled blandly in its teeth. All life is a dream. If wine, philosophy and women keep the dream from becoming a nightmare, so much the better." Who has not seen the vicious, consciousness man of the world?

The character of Lyndall is a complex one, though we can understand her wish to leave her dull surroundings, her mental growth, her wonderfully true ideas of the position of women of the present day, still it seems slightly incongruous when she refuses to marry the man she loves because she loves him and so legitimize the birth of their child, whose grave she sends out her cloak to cover, lest the rain fall on it, she lying on her own deathbed meanwhile. Lyndall's remarks on the general position of women have the novelty of originality even if slightly exaggerated. We will make one or two quotations here. She is speaking to Waldo, on her return from school where she has been for four years and a half and we may remark here that Lyndall delivers herself of some rather satirical remarks about ladies' schools. Speaking of women, she says: "But this one thought stands—never goes. If I might but be one of those born in the future, then, perhaps, to be born a woman will not be to be born branded." Then again, and how true this: "But what does it help, a little bitterness, a little longing when we are young, a little futile searching for work, a little passionate striving for the exercise of our powers, and then we go with the drove?" but Lyndall, whom we love, did not go with the drove. Her independent, original opinions ended in disaster.

In another place she says: "We were equal once when we lay new born babes on our nurses' knees, we will be equals again when they tie up our jaws for the last sleep," and I think the majority of women will agree with her when she says: "It is delightful to be a woman, but every man devoutly thanks the Lord that he isn't one."

I advise all readers to read this book, not so much to see the internal construction of affairs in African life, as from an intelligent wish to follow the author in the subtle delineation of her characters, all of whom are faithfully

worked out with that care which only a great genius has to bestow. There is really no moral to be drawn from the tale. The only one of her characters who comes out unscathed is the old Boer woman, ignorant and hideously unattractive, more beast than woman, she sails to the front and is likely to live forever. The moral inconsistency in this leads one to doubt somewhat in the manner of Lyndall, and we close the book and think, with one of Dickens' characters, "that it's all muddle."

MARIE STUART.

July 11, '89.

Woman's Career.

She was a fair girl graduate, enrobed in spotless white, And on her youthful features shone a look of holy light. She clasped with grace her dainty head to receive the ribbon pine.

Whence hung the silver medal, adjudged to be her due. I watched her face with rapture as she raised to heaven her And moved her lips in prayer as her fingers clasped the prize.

For I knew to education she had pledged her coming days, To unclothe poor woman's fetters, and free her from man's ways.

Time passed. Our pathways parted, but ever and anon, My thoughts would stray toward her, and I'd speculate upon what my graduate was doing, if abhark the scroll of fame, And the selfish workers, had been written high her name.

At last I chanced to meet her, but her books were pushed aside,

And at her feet her baby, dimpled happy crowing youth,

Upon that silver medal was cutting his first tooth.

N. Y. Life.

Musicians and Matrimony.

Bacon tells us that "the best works and those of greatest merit for the public have proceeded from unmarried or childless men." That seems to be only partially true of the great composers, some of whom have been very much married.

The great Sebastian Bach was twice wed, and had a unit'd family of no fewer than twenty children. He was the very model of a patriarch, a fond of his wife, and his wife ever absent from his own fireside. He was never outside his native country, and the appointments which he held during his life-time were all in towns, only separated from each other by a short distance. His second wife appears to have been of great service to him in his professional work.

She both sang and played; and she had, besides, a beautiful hand for copying music, and constantly helped her husband in the laborious work of writing out his compositions. He gave her lessons on the harpsichord frequently, and wrote a good deal of music for her to play.

Mozart's reasons for marrying, though quite out, are unanswerable, viz., because he had to take care of his family, because he could not live like the fast young man around him; and lastly, because he was in love. He married when he was twenty-six and his bride eighteen. He passionately loved his wife to the end, and the last words he wrote were to her—"The hour strikes. Farewell! we shall meet again."

Haydn married on a salary of a little more than £20. His choice fell first on the youngest daughter of a wig-maker, with whom he had fallen in love while giving her lessons. This daughter however, to the chagrin of the father, anxious to keep Haydn in the family, persuaded him to marry another daughter, three years his senior. He did so, and laid the foundation of unutterable domestic misery. The wife proved to be everything that was bad, and cared not whether her husband was an artist or a shoemaker. A separation was the inevitable result.

Handel was one of the few great composers who remained unmarried, and he seems to have been almost insensible to female charms. He never showed the least inclination for the cares and joys of domestic life, and apart from his attachment to his mother, who, incidentally, attached was his secretary, Mr. Smith. On one occasion he tried for an organ appointment, but when he learned that the successful candidate must marry the daughter of the retiring organist he fled from the contest with all possible speed.

Beethoven on the very threshold of his career was met by poverty and disease, and these accompanying him through life probably kept thoughts of marriage in the background. Yet he was not without passing fancies for women. The Countess Guidi, of whom he was in love, and whom he immortalized, "and to her he dedicated the famous song" "Adelaide."

The dream of Chopin's life was union with Madame Sand, but unfortunately for him marriage found no place in the peculiar system of morals advocated by that eminent novelist. Madame Sand declared matrimony to be a snare to a man, and a delusion to a woman, and accordingly Chopin was met with a refusal. After this, as he says himself, "All the cords that bound me to life are broken."

His health visibly declined, and not long after his disappointment he breathed his last.

Many a man loves very well indeed, but has no reason to mistrust himself, he decided to test his affection for the lady by a lengthened absence from her society. He came through the trial satisfactorily, and shortly after he was married to his first and only love. His relations with his wife were all along tender and satisfactory, although, curiously, she is hardly ever mentioned in any of his published letters.

Wagner married an actress while he was yet a young man, but she had little sympathy with his work and aims, and after a time he separated from her. He next married a daughter of Liszt, who proved to be his true love, and with her he lived a truly happy and peaceful life.

As for Liszt, from the period when he had attained the mature age of fifteen, and fell in love with Miss Garelli, till he was far on in years, his biography is plentifully speckled with fair names.

Berlioz, the eminent French composer, wrote: "Oh, that I could find her, the Juliet, the Ophelia that my heart calls to, that I could drink in the intoxication of mingled joy and sadness that only true love knows!" Could I but rest in her arms one autumn evening, rocked by the north wind on the beach, I'd sleep, I'd sleep!" In a few years after these gushing lines were written, he arranged a separation from his wife, his former divinity, and left her to die in misery and solitude!

At 'Ome.

The last "bus—full, of course—outside, rain falling in torrents. Conductor (dog)—Any gentleman get outside to oblige a lady?

"She can come and sit on my knees, if she likes," says a gentleman; and, to his great surprise, in bounces a buxom wench, who forthwith appropriates the offered knee. After a time, the man gets into conversation with his fair burden, asks her where she is going, and, on hearing her destination, exclaims:

"Bless me, that's my house!"

"Yes, sir," blushingly replied the fair one; "I'm the cook!"

After Dinner Oratory.

"It's in the wonderful insight into human nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackery; but on 't other hand it's in the brilliant shafts of satire, 't gether with a keen sense o' humor, that Dickey gets the pull over Thackery. It's just this: Thackery is a humorist, Dickens is a satirist. But, after all, it's 'baud to instoot any comparison between Dickey and Thicks."

"No none were 'instooted."

Tastes Differ.

At a juvenile party lately, during the dancing, a tall boy, about fourteen, was standing partnerless against the wall, so a gentleman went and inquired if he could introduce him to someone. The answer being in the affirmative,

the gentleman proposed a slim, handsome girl about sixteen, looking him over, and concerning a good deal of honor on the young gentleman. But he had reckoned without his host (or rather his guest), for the boy, who evidently knew his own mind, promptly declined, saying in a most confidential whisper:

"No, thank you, sir. Please, I like them fat!"

An Unfavorable Indication.

Omaha belle (who has grown weary of waiting for a proposal)—I fear you would not make a good soldier, Mr. Timid.

Mr. Timid—Why, whatever gave you that unfavorable impression.

Omaha belle—Oh, you seem to be so afraid to enter an engagement.

A Mental Reservation.

Mr. Henpect—My dear, you didn't protest against the word obey during the marriage ceremony.

Mrs. Henpect—No, I didn't; mentally ignored it.

Did Not Hit It.

A newsboy invites his girl to drink.

N. B.—Well, Lizzie, what will you have?

Lizzie—Oh! I guess I'll have some champagne.

N. B.—Guess again.

Those Beautiful Eyes.

The *maire* of a French town on the frontier had, in accordance with the recent regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, and, after a moment's reflection, he wrote among the items the following description: "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive; but one of them is missing."

The Dawn of a Blooming Idiot.

He (to goose bride)—Why! where did you get all those pins?

She—Why you gave me one thousand dollars for pin money, so I supposed I had to buy one thousand dollars worth. We can store them in the cellar.

Once Only.

Miss Ada (just introduced)—Were you ever in love, Mr. Smith?

Smith—Once, once, only.

"When was that?"

"Well, about a quarter of an hour ago." [They marry.]

At Thomas' European restaurant and English chop-house, Keachie & Co. have inaugurated a table d'hôte dinner, from 12 to 3 o'clock. As everyone knows, the bill of fare offered at the Chop-house is not excelled in this city, and the price of the dinner is only 40c, or six tickets for \$2. As this is the only table d'hôte dinner given at any of the first-class restaurants, and the price has been placed so low there is no doubt of its success.

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

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Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

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restores the intellect, nerves and muscles;

sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects.

Unquestionable.

Adult Dose. One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.

"Bless me, that's my house!"

"Yes,

THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

Lord Cheriton hailed the first hansom he found upon his way, and told the man to drive him to Camberwell Grove.

The neighborhood through which he went was curiously unfamiliar after the grand and forgetfulness of twenty years; and yet it was curiously familiar to him, and brought back the memory of that dead time, when man who was himself, and yet not himself, had gone to and fro that road until every shop-front and every street corner seemed engraven upon his brain.

It is a busy, teeming world, a world of seething humanity, jostling, striving, anxious, hollow-cheeked and eager-eyed. He had chosen to plant his hidden Eden upon "the Surrey side," and had gone to and fro by that square high way with a contented heart, because it was a world in which he was least likely to meet any of his professional brotherhood. What other barbers in decent profession above all, what other Queen's Counsel, was likely to pitch his tent at Camberwell? There might be old-fashioned men who would be content to grow their early cucumbers, and gloat over their pines and peaches in some citizen's paradise on Clapham Common. There might be men who would resign themselves to life at Wandsworth; but where was the spirit so lowly clad in wig and gown who would stand in a place which was accessible only to the Elephant and Castle, and the Walworth road? Do not the very names of those places stink in the nostril of gentility?

The Elephant has never held up his trunk since the glories of the Queen's Bench departed, since Ichabod was written on those walls against which Lord Huntingtower played tennis, and in whose shadow so many of Earth's great ones have paced up and down the stony yard in the days when the noble debtor was still a person apart and distinguished, not amenable to the courts which govern the baser and trumpery laws.

He had borne his way to the Walworth road, because it lay so far out gentility's track. The very odor of the neighborhood was familiar—the reek of cooked meats and stale vegetables, bleated with all-pervading fumes of beer. But there were numerous changes. He missed familiar shops and corners. All that had been shabby old looked still shabbier to-day. How often he had tramped those pavements, economizing the cost of a cab, and not caring to rub shoulders with the habitues of the knife-board on Atlas or Waterloo. The walk had suited on Atlas or Waterloo. The walk had suited him. He could think only of the real rest of the night as he tramped to Westminster in the morning. How well he remembered the cool breeze of the river blowing up the Westminster road on bright spring mornings, when the flower girls were offering violets and primroses at the street corners. How well he remembered the change to a cleaner and a statelier world when he had crossed the bridge—the solemn grandeur of Westminster Hall, the close sickly atmosphere of the crowded courts. Looking back he wondered how he bore the monotony of that laborious life, forgetting that he had been born up and carried along by his ambition, always looking onward to the day when his name and fortune should be made, and he should taste the strong wine of success. He remembered what an idle dream Evelyn's idea of buying the Cheriton estate had seemed to him when first she mooted it; how he had talked of it only to indulge her fancy, as one discusses impossible things with a child; and how by slow degrees the notion of its feasibility had crept into his mind; how he had begun to calculate the possibilities of his future savings; how he had covered stray half-sheets of paper with calculations, the picture in the mere figures as if they were actual money. He remembered how when he had saved five thousand pounds a rabid eagerness to accumulate took hold of him, and with what keen eyes he used to look at the figures on a brief. He caught the infection of Evelyn's sanguine visions, and of Evelyn's parsimonious habits. They used to hang over his bank book sometimes of an evening, as Paolo and Fransca hung over the story of Lancelot, calculating how much could be spared to be placed on deposit, how little they could contribute to live on in the next quarter, that sharp increased Evelyn's new glee to grade herself the smallest luxury, a few flowering plants for the drawing room, a day's hire of the jobbing gardener, a drive in a hansom to Richmond or Greenwich, little pleasures that had relieved the monotony of their isolation.

"My father cannot live many years," she told James Dalbrook, "and when he dies the estate will be sold. I have often heard him say so."

Mr. Dalbrook went on a stolen journey to Cheriton, and saw every bit of the estate which he could get to see, careful to say nothing of this expedition to Evelyn, lest she should want to go with him, as he felt that her presence would have been a difficulty. Some one might have recognized the Squire's young daughter in the mature woman.

He went back to London passionately in love with the property, which he remembered as one of the paradises of his boyhood, in the days when he had been fond of long excursions on foot, to Corfe, or Swanage, or the great sunburnt hills by the sea. He saw Cheriton Chase now with the entranced eyes of an ambitious man to whom territorial possession seemed the crown of glory of life.

He had saved ten thousand pounds, very little compared with the sum which would be required; but he told himself that when he had amassed another ten he might feel secure of being able to buy the estate, since it would be easy to raise seventy per cent. of the purchase money on mortgage. He began to see his way to the realization of that dream. He would have to go on living laborious days—to go on with those habits of self-denial which had already become a second nature—even after the prize was won, he said himself the owner of the noble old house, and a park and woodland that were the growth of centuries; and he thought of the delight of restoring and improving and repairing, after fifty years of slippshod poverty and slow decay.

And now, as the hoard increased to twelve, fifteen, eighteen thousand, James Dalbrook began to talk to his companion of their future ownership of Cheriton as a certainty. They planned the rooms they were to occupy; they distributed their small stock of furniture about the old mansion house—things they had bought by slow degrees on the happy hunting grounds of Waterloo and the Park road, and which were all good of their kind. They discussed the number of servants that they could manage to carry on with for the first few years, while economy would still be needed. It was understood between them, though rarely spoken about, that Tom Darcy would be dead before that fruition of their dreams. He had been sent off to New Zealand a broken man. Who could doubt that a few years more would see the end of that worthless existence, and then the bond between those two who had held to each other so faithfully would be realized, and Evelyn could go back to the house in which she was born, its proud and happy mistress.

She had fed upon those dreams, lived upon them, had thought of little else in her solitary days, in the isolation of her home. She had put away her child with stern resolve that no difficulty should arise out of that existence when she came to take her place in society as James Dalbrook's wife. She never meant to acknowledge the daughter born at Myrtle Cottage. She would do her duty to the child, somehow; but not in that way.

Lord Cheriton remembered all these things as the cab rattled along the Walworth road. Our racing thoughts have sometimes almost the rapidity of our dreams. He surveyed the panorama of the past; recalled the final bitterness of that meeting at Boulogne, when he went over to see Mrs. Darcy, and when he had to tell her that he was master of Cheriton Chase, by the help of his wife's dowry, and that he had begun life there on a far more dignified footing than they two had contemplated. She received the announcement with a sullen despair, but he could see that it hurt her like the thrust of a sword. She stood before him with lowered brows, white to the lips, her fingers twisting themselves in and out of each other with a convulsive movement, and one corner of the bloodless under lip caught under the sharp white teeth fiercely.

"Well," she said at last, "I congratulate you. Cheriton has a new master; and if the lady of the house is not the woman whose shadow I used to see there in my dreams—it matters very little to you. You are the gainer in all ways. You have got the place you wanted; and a fair young wife instead of a faded—mis—

She lifted up her eyes, pale with anguish, and looked at him with an expression he had never been able to forget.

He was silent under this thrust, and then, after a troubled pause, he asked her if she had made up her mind where her future days were to be spent. He was only desirous to see her settled in some pretty neighborhood, in the neatest house that she could find for herself, or that he could choose for her.

"Do not let money be any consideration," he said. "My fees are rolling in very fast this year, and I feel I want to see you, however circumscribed my means."

"There is only one place I care to live in," she answered, "and that is Cheriton Chase."

He told her, with a sad smile, that Cheriton was the only place that was impossible for her.

"It is not impossible. Do you think I want to be a fine lady, or to tell people that I was once Evelyn Strangway? I only want to live upon the soil I love—and to see you, sometimes, as you go past my door. There is the West Lodge, now—one of the loveliest old cottages in England. I loved it when I was a girl. Sally Nevelton and I used to picnic there, when my father and I were not of speaking terms. Who is living in that cottage now?"

"One of the gardeners."

"Turn out the gardener and let me live there."

He rejected the idea as preposterous, degrading, that she should live at the lodge gates, she who had once been the Squire's daughter; an object of respectful interest to all the neighborhood.

"Do not talk to me of degradation," she answered, bitterly. "There will be no degradation for me in living at your gates, now that you and I are strangers. My degradation is belonging to the past. Nothing in the future can touch me. I am nameless henceforward, a nullity."

"But if you should be recognized there?"

"Who is there to recognize me? Do you think there is one line or one look of Evelyn Strangway's sixteen-year-old face left in my face to-day?"

Knowing the portrait in the hall at Cheriton was he fain to confess that the change was complete. It would have been difficult for anyone to find the lines of that proud young beauty in the careworn features and sunken cheeks of the woman who stood before him now. The month that had gone by since their parting had aged her as much as if she had been so many years.

"If your husband should find you there?"

"Not likely! It is the very last place in which he would look for me; and the chances are against his ever returning to England."

"Why is your mind set upon living at Cheriton?"

"Why? Because I have dreamt and thought of that place till my love for it has become almost a disease; because I have not the faintest interest in the other spot upon earth. I don't care how I live there. I have no pride left in me. Pride, self-respect, care for myself, and he should taste the strong wine of success. He

remembered what an idle dream Evelyn's idea of buying the Cheriton estate had seemed to him when first she mooted it; how he had talked of it only to indulge her fancy, as one discusses impossible things with a child; and how by slow degrees the notion of its feasibility had crept into his mind; how he had begun to calculate the possibilities of his future savings; how he had covered stray half-sheets of paper with calculations, the picture in the mere figures as if they were actual money. He remembered how when he had saved five thousand pounds a rabid eagerness to accumulate took hold of him, and with what keen eyes he used to look at the figures on a brief. He caught the infection of Evelyn's sanguine visions, and of Evelyn's parsimonious habits. They used to hang over his bank book sometimes of an evening, as Paolo and Fransca hung over the story of Lancelot, calculating how much could be spared to be placed on deposit, how little they could contribute to live on in the next quarter, that sharp increased Evelyn's new glee to grade herself the smallest luxury, a few flowering plants for the drawing room, a day's hire of the jobbing gardener, a drive in a hansom to Richmond or Greenwich, little pleasures that had relieved the monotony of their isolation.

"My father cannot live many years," she told James Dalbrook, "and when he dies the estate will be sold. I have often heard him say so."

Mr. Dalbrook went on a stolen journey to Cheriton, and saw every bit of the estate which he could get to see, careful to say nothing of this expedition to Evelyn, lest she should want to go with him, as he felt that her presence would have been a difficulty. Some one might have recognized the Squire's young daughter in the mature woman.

He went back to London passionately in love with the property, which he remembered as one of the paradises of his boyhood, in the days when he had been fond of long excursions on foot, to Corfe, or Swanage, or the great sunburnt hills by the sea. He saw Cheriton Chase now with the entranced eyes of an ambitious man to whom territorial possession seemed the crown of glory of life.

He had saved ten thousand pounds, very little compared with the sum which would be required; but he told himself that when he had amassed another ten he might feel secure of being able to buy the estate, since it would be easy to raise seventy per cent. of the purchase money on mortgage. He began to see his way to the realization of that dream. He would have to go on living laborious days—to go on with those habits of self-denial which had already become a second nature—even after the prize was won, he said himself the owner of the noble old house, and a park and woodland that were the growth of centuries; and he thought of the delight of restoring and improving and repairing, after fifty years of slippshod poverty and slow decay.

And now, as the hoard increased to twelve, fifteen, eighteen thousand, James Dalbrook began to talk to his companion of their future ownership of Cheriton as a certainty. They planned the rooms they were to occupy; they distributed their small stock of furniture about the old mansion house—things they had bought by slow degrees on the happy hunting grounds of Waterloo and the Park road, and which were all good of their kind. They discussed the number of servants that they could manage to carry on with for the first few years, while economy would still be needed. It was understood between them, though rarely spoken about, that Tom Darcy would be dead before that fruition of their dreams. He had been sent off to New Zealand a broken man. Who could doubt that a few years more would see the end of that worthless existence, and then the bond between those two who had held to each other so faithfully would be realized, and Evelyn could go back to the house in which she was born, its proud and happy mistress.

She had fed upon those dreams, lived upon them, had thought of little else in her solitary days, in the isolation of her home. She had put away her child with stern resolve that no difficulty should arise out of that existence when she came to take her place in society as James Dalbrook's wife. She never meant to acknowledge the daughter born at Myrtle Cottage. She would do her duty to the child, somehow; but not in that way.

Lord Cheriton remembered all that had happened with reference to the woman who called herself Mrs. Porter in all these long years—his daughter Juanita's life-time. She had seen the funeral trains of his infant sons pass through the gate beside her cottage—she had seen the little coffins covered with snow-white flowers, and she must have known the bitterness of his disappointment. She had lived at

the West Lodge for all these years, and had made no sign of a moment's year of anger, of a single pang of malignant feeling. He had believed that she was really content so to live; that in granting what she had asked of him he had satisfied her, and that her sense of wrong was appeased. At first he had lived in feverish apprehension of some outbreak or scene—some revelation made to the wife he loved, or to the friends whose esteem he valued; but as the years went by without bringing him any trouble of this kind, he had ceased to think with uneasiness of that sinister figure at his gates.

And now by the light of the hideous confession which he had called in his broad pocket he knew that in all those years she had been cherishing her sense of wrong, heaping up anger and revenge and malice and every deadly feeling engendered of disappointed love, against the day of wrath. Could he wonder if her mind had given way under that slow torture, in the concealed madness of years culminated in an act of wild revenge—a seemingly motiveless crime? Heaven knows by what distorted reasoning she had arrived at the resolve to strike her deadly blow there rather than elsewhere. Heaven knows what sudden access of insanity might have been caused by the spectacle of the honeymoon lovers and their innocent bliss.

The cab had turned into Camberwell Grove, and now he asked himself if it were not the wildest fancy to suppose that she might have gone back to Myrtle Cottage, or that she might be hanging about the neighborhood of her old home. The cottage was in all probability occupied, and even if she had wandered that way she would most likely have come and gone before now. The idea had flashed into his mind as he sat in Mercy's room, the idea that in her deranged state all her thoughts might revert to the past, and that her first impulse might lead her to revisit the house in which she had lived so long.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"The love of these is like the lightning, spark, And shrivels whom it touches. They consume All things within their reach, and, last of all, Their lonely selves."

The cottage was to be let. A board offering it upon a repairing lease announced the offering.

Lord Cheriton opened the familiar gate. The very sound with which it swung back as he passed recalled a life that was gone, that had left nothing but an exceeding bitter sorrow. How speedily and dejected the narrow garden had become! In the sunken plot, however, the gravel path which he and Evelyn had once taken such pains to weed and roll, in those early days when that modest suburban retreat seemed a happy home, and the demon of weariness had not yet darkened their threshold.

He entered at the well remembered door under the stucco porch over which the Virginia creeper hung in rank luxuriance. The house was not unoccupied, for slipshod feet came along the passage, and he heard children's voices in the back premises.

A slatternly woman, with a year-old baby on her left arm, opened the door.

"Has a lady called here this morning?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, there is a lady here now—in the drawing room," the woman answered eagerly. "I hope you belong to her, for I've been feeling a bit nervous about her, with me and the children alone in the house, and my husband not coming back till night time. I'm afraid she's not quite right in her head."

"Yes, I belong to her. I have come to fetch her."

He went into the drawing-room—the room that had looked pretty and picturesque enough in those long-gone days—a small room furnished with that quiet old furniture and books and Chippendale chairs, and a covered oak table, a pair of old blue and white jars on the top of a dark mahogany bureau, brass fender and fire iron that used to glitter in the fire-light, sober brown da nask curtains, and half a dozen Bartolozzi engravings of rustic subjects in oval oval frames—a room that always looked like a Dutch picture.

Now that room was the picture of desolation. For furniture there was nothing but a shabby Pembroke table, wanting two castors, and two old cane-backed chairs, in each of which the covers were broken and tattered, dilapidated, and a dirty red and gauze frock sprawled amidst the dirt on the bare floor, and a tattered like a Dutch picture.

Mrs. Porter was sitting with her elbows on the table, and her head resting on her clasped hands. She did not notice his approach till he was standing close beside her, when she looked up at him.

At first her gaze expressed trouble and bewilderment; then her face brightened into a quiet smile, a look of long ago.

"You are earlier than usual, James," she said, holding out her hand.

"It is in his; it was hot and dry, as if with a raging fever. It was the hand of a murderer; but it was also the hand of his victim, and he could not refuse to take it.

"Was your work over so soon to-day?" she asked. "I'm afraid it will be ever so long before dinner will be ready, and the house is all in muddle—every thing wretched"—looking about her with a puzzled air. "I can't think what has happened to the rooms," she muttered. "Servants are so troublesome."

She passed her hand across her forehead, as if it were a pain, and then looked up at him helplessly.

"You are ill, Elwyn," he said gently.

It was twenty years since he had called her by the name that had been so often on his lips in this house. It was almost as if the very atmosphere of the house, even in its desolation, recalled the old link between them, and made him forgetful of what had happened in Dorsetshire.

"No, I have a headache, that is all. I shall set to work presently and make everything comfortable for a few hours—and when I come back you can get her something to eat and make her some tea."

"Yes, sir. You won't be gone long, I hope, for fear she should turn violent."

"She will not do that. She has never been violent."

"I am very glad to hear that. Appearances are so deceitful sometimes when folks are wrong in their heads."

Lord Cheriton had told the cabman to wait. He got into the cab and drove to the nearest upholsterer's, where he hired a comfortable sofa, a couple of chairs, a small round table, some pillows and blankets, in the event of Mrs. Porter having to leave that shelter for a place of restraint, under medical care.

This done, he went to the post-office and telephoned first to Marian Gray, Hercules Buildings:

"Your mother is at Myrtle Cottage, Camberwell Grove, and very ill. Go to her without delay."—CHERITON.

His second telegram was to Dr. Davidson, Welbeck street:

"Meet me as soon as you possibly can at Myrtle Cottage, Camberwell Green, and send a trained nurse, experienced in mental cases, to the same address. I want your advice upon a very serious case, in which time is of vital importance."

He sent another telegram to another medical man, Dr. Wilmet, also an old acquaintance, and a fourth to Theodore Dalbrook, at the Priory:

"Mrs. Porter is in London, and in my care. You need have no further apprehension."

He was back at Myrtle Cottage within the half hour, and was able to direct the men who had just brought a small van containing the furniture. He saw the things carried into the room that had been the dining room, which was empty, the policeman's family preferring to camp in the

Aline.

She was a sweet, dainty Aline; the fairest type of womanly loveliness, gracious and kind, but intensely proud when circumstances required the quality; and that was the one thing which upheld her in the great crisis of her life. She had been the village school teacher for several years. How well the boys and girls of Littleton remembered her first appearance! How she had put off the white blouse which shaded the lovely face and beautiful soft gray eyes, and drawn off the long gloves which revealed such beautifully white and small hands as they had rarely ever seen, while she gazed slowly over the room at the bright, uplifted childish faces, and then—she had smiled. That smile won their hearts at once. Such a kind, sweet smile—it fell on them like a ray of sunshine, and they had positively held their breath with admiration of her.

They were used to large, buxom, red-cheeked country girls with loud voices and equally loud laughter; this pale, gracious, spirit-filled girl with the soft voice and kind smile, had seemed to them from an entirely different world.

Scarcely a word of reproach had crossed her lips to her scholars since her entrance into the school, and there was not a child in the village who did not love her with his whole heart.

There was one thing, however, that seemed strange in Aline. She rarely, if ever, seemed to laugh. Her smiles were the sweetest that the simple country folk of Littleton had ever seen, but more than once she worked on the absent mind of the laugh which they were sure would be twice as sweet as the smile.

"Perhaps she has had some trouble in her life." Farmer Daw's young daughter had once said to her chum and schoolmate, Maria Smith; "but for all that, I love her like she was my own sister."

"And so do I," had been the enthusiastic reply of the promising Maria.

But the people of Littleton had become accustomed to pale, reserved Alice Rogers, and they had ceased to remark on her, except to say that she was the best teacher that they had had for a long while.

She had a pretty little house, all her own, that she had purchased, and where she lived quietly and happily, so far as they knew.

The well-cultivated bed of pansies under the front window, with its curtain had often caused strangers in Littleton to inquire who lived in the neat little cottage, and the farmers would respond with evident pride,—

"Our school-marm, sir."

"The answer was always the same: but once one had added, in a burst of confidence,—

"And the kindest, sweetest little woman as ever lived."

The stranger addressed simply smiled, and went his way to wonder for a little while what the "kindest, sweetest little woman in the world" was like, and then forgot all about it.

Had she seen her, he would not perhaps have forgotten quite so quickly. For the sweet face lived for years in the memory of those who had once looked upon it.

This evening, as usual, she had gone to her little home after the day's duties were over. Her step, ever slow and graceful, never quickened as it might possibly have done could the curtains of the future have been pushed aside even slightly.

She was met at the gate by one of the village maidens.

"Oh, Miss Aline," she cried, "guess! Who do you suppose has come?"

Aline smiled, and could't guess.

"The new minister!" the girl exclaimed, and clasped her hands in joy at being the first to convey the news to the "school-ma'am."

Aline smiled again into the eager face of the girl, but no gleam of interest entered the calm, gray eyes. The coming of the new minister continued to affect her.

"And such a young man, too," the girl went on, "and so handsome!"

She clasped her hands and cast her eyes heavenward in her admiration of the new minister.

"Yes?"

Aline opened the gate and went inside the yard. She stood still, watching the sun setting amid a golden blaze of glory, while Arimda Brown talked on about the new arrival. Suddenly she stopped and looked at Aline.

"I wish you every joy and blessing under Heaven my friend!" she said in sweet, steady tones, and Mr. Marshall bent over the small hand and kissed it.

When he raised his eyes to her face and said "I love me—he loved me—he said so!" she murmured in a low, broken voice. "And I could have learned to love him in return, but I am already married! Heaven help me!"

"Her Glass Eye Didn't Work."

A very curious case lately came before the Justice of the Peace of Neely, Frank. Some time ago Mme. Pluyette, a widow of 50, but who still attached much importance to personal appearance, had the misfortune in playing with a lapdog to receive from it so severe a wound in one of her eyes that it came out of the socket. Having heard much of artificial eyes, and being recommended to apply to an expert manufacturer in this way named Tamier, she gave an order for a glass eye for which the optician charged 100 francs (\$20). Refusing to pay this charge, the manufacturer summoned her before the Justice of the Peace.

Mme. Pluyette having appeared, holding the glass eye in her hand, the Judge asked her why she refused to pay the bill which M. Tamier had sent in.

"For a very good reason," replied the defendant. "I can see no more with his eye than I could before."

"What?" said the Judge. "Did you really imagine that you would be able to see with a glass eye?"

"Did I think so?" retorted the angry dame. "Certainly I did. Will you be so good as to tell me what eyes are for except to see with them?"

"Boggs—What makes Hardup look so troubled of late, Boggs? Is his wife spending his money at some popular summer resort?"

"Boggs—Why, no. She's trying to economize by keeping summer boarders."

A Damper on Conversation.



Yachtsman—Fishing!
Punter—No; sawin' wood.—Judge.

The Justice of the Peace endeavored to convince Mme. Pluyette that glass eyes were for others to look at and not for the wearer to look through; but, finding all appeals to her reason of no avail, he condemned her to pay the plaintiff the amount of his demand. When the defendant heard the decision, she became furious with anger, and, after dashing her glass eye on the floor, she rushed out of the court amid the laughter of the crowd.

Musical Connoisseurs and Symphony Concerts—Their Improving Effect.

"Oh, say, Maude, did you go to the symphony concert?"

"Uh-huh; I did."

"Yes; wasn't it lovely?"

"Divine. I just love to hear the violins queer the way they do."

"So do I. Didn't you ever hear Lil Jenkins play the Blue Danube 'waltzes on the piano?'

"Yes; she plays it lively, doesn't she?"

"Have you got any gum?"

"Yes, here's three kinds; take your choice."

"How did you like the tenor that sang the solo?"

"Oh, ever so much. He was such a cute little man."

"It was awful funny to see him tip away up on his toes every time he sang a high note. He could sing with one foot just as well as he could with the other."

"If you like, I think of the funniest things! But wasn't the soprano horrid?"

"Well, I should say so. That dress looked as if it had been cut by a carpenter."

"Which part of the programme did you like the most?"

"I think that last number was the best. Did you watch the trombone player?"

"Yes; didn't he have cute, puffy cheeks when he played? I didn't take my eyes off him once."

"I was looking at the young man that played the flute. He was so comical his hair back makes him look so interesting."

"Do you know mamma thinks I have improved in my music wonderfully by going to the Symphony concerts."

"I'm going to every one of them."

"So am I."

An Old-Fashioned Boy.

A boy went up Woodward avenue yesterday trundling a hoop. He wasn't a little Lord Fauntleroy with yellow curls and a velvet frock, but a bright-faced, bare-footed little chap with cheeks of tan. The hoop was an ordinary one, but the boy's name was Littleton and he trundled it with a big stave and got more fun out of it in a minute than he knew what to do with. Men with gray hair and sorrowful faces turned and looked after him as he hopped it into position and kept it whirling and laughed all over his face as it attracted attention.

"It looks good to see an old-fashioned boy again," said a retired merchant who was drawing on his gloves on the carbstone.

Armidia bent over suddenly and kissed her.

"Why did you do that?" Aline cried sharply, turning back.

"He is engaged to Miss Mattle Newburgh," Armidia went on, ignoring the other's question, and looking past her to the bed of pansies.

"Yes?"

Arimda looked again at Aline.

"They are to be married Sunday."

There was a pause. Armidia watched Aline nervously again.

The other girl saw no change in the face under the broad black hat. Then Aline smiled. It was a queer smile, but it contained no sorrow, no disappointment.

"I shall play the organ on Sunday."

It was Armidia's turn to be startled now.

"To be sure!—to be sure!" she stammered, then turned and went down the road.

No one knew how she managed it; but Aline, true to her word, did play the organ on Sunday. The wedding march, as rendered by her, was simply grand.

From her seat at the organ she could see the bride and groom as they passed up the aisle. Mr. Marshall's face was deathly pale, but his step was firm and quick. Miss Newburgh was grandly beautiful. Aline admitted that she had never seen a more beautiful face.

Directly the ceremony was over people came forward and poured their congratulations upon the pair. And Aline, although trembling so much that she could scarcely walk, awoke from the organ and walked sedately down the aisle, and was among the first to congratulate Mr. Marshall.

"I wish you every joy and blessing under Heaven my friend!" she said in sweet, steady tones, and Mr. Marshall bent over the small hand and kissed it.

"Evening in the Country."

Farmer—Is the cow in the barn?

Farmer's wife—Yes.

Farmer—Horses unharnessed and fed?

Farmer's wife—Yes.

Farmer—Chickens locked up?

Farmer's wife—Yes.

Farmer—Wood split for morning?

Farmer's wife—Yes.

Farmer—Wagon washed for an early start?

Farmer's wife—Yes.

Farmer—Well, then, I guess I'll go to bed.

Farmer's wife—Yes.

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Farmer's wife—Yes.

Noted People.

The Queen of Greece is a clever painter. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stow is seventy-seven years old.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is one of the most popular women orators in England.

It is distinctly interesting to know that Olive Schreiner's brilliant but audacious Story of an African Farm, reviewed in another column, was written between paroxysms of asthma.

It is said that: A nella Rives-Chanler has decided to give up literature and take to the brush and palette for future triumphs. The world may proceed to brace itself for the sight of her first picture.

The Queen is a lover of good tea, but only one man reaps the benefit of her tea-drinking habits, and he has supplied her all her life. She has chests of forty and fifty pounds at a time, and pays 4s. 6d. and 5s. a pound for it.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is accepted by those who know as one of the best cooks in New York. He is said to be a gourmet of the highest altitude, and his friends say he prepares with his own hands the biggest part of the menu at the private dinners he gives at his home.

Miss Mary N. Murfree (Charles Elbert Craddock), was an invalid in childhood. Her mother, in order to comfort her for her inability to play out of doors, used to say: "Never mind, my dear, if you can't play as the others do, you can do one thing they can't do—you can spell Popocatépetl."

Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, is expected back in London by next September. He has already been booked for a series of lectures, the first of which is to be delivered early in October. He is to receive \$250 a night for the lectures delivered in London and \$400 a night for those in the provinces.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has a pen which has been his constant companion for 25 years. It is a gold pen, and, though he has written with it during all that long period, it is to-day as good as if it had only issued a week ago from the manufacturer. The pen cannot write with any other pen, and cherishes his old servant with the greatest care and affection. He has a note-book almost as old—a tattered, torn, and limp note-book—which has been the depository of his thoughts and confidences for many years.

So accomplished a humorist as Marshall P. Wilder says in his new book that he doesn't object to chestnuts, nor does he find that people generally do. This opinion doesn't tally, however, with the observation of a New York Tribune correspondent, who sat on the box with an old stage driver out in Montana recently. They rode twenty miles in dead silence, and at last the driver turned around and said: "Pardner, I like you. When I first see you I thought I didn't, but I do. You're the first man that ever rid on the top o' my coach that didn't start out fer ter tell that gal dernd old story about Hank Monk and Horace Greeley."

In a note to a French work which he has recently presented to Whitelands College, Mr. Ruskin asks the reader to "note generally that the compiler of this book was an ass." The somewhat fiery sage of Coniston explains that he has affixed certain marks to the illustrations. Thus: "X means good, XX better, XXX best, &c. Bad, in the sense of stupid and vulgar. D, Darnable in the sense of abused skill and vile aim. Bx means essentially bad with good under qualities. There is no mark of xn, because if a thing be essentially good its failings are never to be minded. And no mark of nn, because when a thing is essentially bad it doesn't matter how bad."

Lord Carlisle recently invited a party of sturdy farmers from Cumberland and Yorkshire up to London, and took them around, showing them the House of Commons and all the "lions" of the great city. One of the London papers says: "No thought of the incongruity presented by the spectacle of twenty stalwart countrymen chaperoned by a peeress through the streets of the metropolis seems to have disturbed the generous mind of Lady Carlisle, whose defiance of conventionality in the sacred cause of goodwill, might with advantage be widely imitated." The example furnishes an excellent precedent for some of our mushroom aristocrats on this side of the water.

Lord Salisbury goes so little into general society that his qualities as a talker are not familiarly known. Yet no one can listen, even casually, to his conversation without appreciating the fine manner, full both of dignity and courtesy, the perfect freedom from pomposity, formality and self-assertion, and the dash of cynicism which modifies, though it never masks, the flavor of his fun. The combination of so much amiability, frankness and politeness in the intercourse of society with the inartistic insolence and unmannerly personalities which mark Lord Salisbury's public utterances, suggests the leading idea of a novel of Mr. Louis Stevenson's, to which it is a point of literary honor not more directly to allude.

The following extract from the Shah's diary gives an example of his humorous powers: "The picture of a donkey was seen, and I asked the price of it. The Director of the Exhibition, a fat, white bearded man, who gave information about the prices, told me it was a hundred pounds sterling—equivalent to two hundred and fifty tumanis of Persia. I remarked: 'The value of a live donkey is at the outside five pounds. How is it then, that this, which is but a picture of an ass, is to be paid so dearly for?' The director said: 'Because it is not a source of expense, as it eats neither straw nor barley (the eastern substitutes for hay and oats).'" I replied: 'True; it is not a source of outlay; but neither will it carry a load, or give one ride.' We laughed heartily."

The present Premiers of Victoria and New South Wales, Australia, have both "risen from the ranks." The Hon. Duncan Gillies of Victoria, arrived in the colony in 1852, at the age of twenty, and his first work there was breaking stones. He then became a gold digger, then a representative on the Ballarat Mining Court, and next a Member of Parliament. Sir Henry Parkes of New South Wales, emigrated from Warwickshire, in 1839, at the

age of five-and-twenty, and found employment in Sydney as a foundry hand. His next business was toy making. He then started a debating club, and advocated the candidature of Robert Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, as member for Sydney. Lowe, in return, became Parkes' patron, and when Lowe returned to England, Parkes naturally assumed his patron's political mantle.

An absurd story has long been current among stupid people with rampant prejudices, that Mr. Gladstone is habitually uncivil to the Queen. As a matter of fact the story is so ridiculously wide of the mark that it deserves mention only because, in itself, it is founded on a truth which illustrates our subject. "I," said the Duke of Wellington on a memorable occasion, "have no small talk, and Peel has no manners." Mr. Gladstone has manners, but no small talk. Hence, we believe, the genesis of the absurd story just quoted about his demeanor to the Queen. The astute Lord Beaconsfield used to engage her Majesty in conversation about water-color drawing and the third-cousinships of German Princes. Mr. Gladstone harangues her about the polity of the Hittites, or the relations between the Athanasian creed and Homer. The Queen, perplexed and uncomfortable, seeks to make a diversion, addresses a remark to a daughter, or offers biscuit to a begging terrier. Mr. Gladstone restrains himself with an effort, waits till the Princess has answered, or the dog has sat down, and then promptly resumes: "As I was saying—"

M. Carnot (says a writer in *Murray's Magazine*) is dreadfully stiff and correct in everything, rather, in short, too conscientiously gentlemanlike and too scrupulously well-bred; but good breeding is, after all, a pleasant change after some pressing Republican specimens. He is, at all events, an honorable man: he spends liberally the money allowed for his expenses; gives excellent dinners and splendid balls, looking very well with his broad red ribbon, and receiving his guests courteously, with due regard to etiquette. He travels in the provinces, kisses first wives, and shakes hands with the grimy sons of toil (not without some reluctance), makes sensible speeches, and is "eminent" when he ought to be. Not having gone through the training of a constitutional Sovereign, which enables the Prince of Wales to be indefatigable, he gets violent headaches, and returns to the Elysee thoroughly tired out, where his wife awaits him, thoroughly enjoying the privileges of her position, skimming the cream of everything that is pleasant without any enforced duties; always gracious, always smiling, always beautifully dressed, and never obliged to be tired, consequently much happier than any queen.

English Dress Fashions.

The Shah of Persia has an eye for the fashions, he will notice a very great difference in what is worn now and the dress of 1873. At that time waists were worn very short, and artificial protuberances were largely used in order to give the skirt an outward inclination immediately below the bodice. At the back dresses were puffed out in very ugly fashion, and the trimmings were highly incoherent. The hair was worn in great masses, towering high above the brow, and extending, in equally liberal proportions, to the nape of the neck. The head thus looked almost as large as the shortened body.

At the present moment heads are worn small and waists long, except by those who adopt the Empire dress in its entirety. There are, as yet, comparatively few who do. There is usually a compromise about the waist, an effect of shortness being partly simulated by the arrangement of the sash. Dress is very pretty just now. Some of the gowns look as though some scores of miniature falling rocket sticks had alighted upon them. Others suggest a shower of caterpillars. The world is a little like a patchwork, diamonds, and checks; therefore we have these oddly shaped and contortionate patterns.

The small bonnets are, on the other hand, a delightful change for the better. Last season's height of headgear was pronounced enough to draw down the condemnation of good taste. Nothing could be smaller, neater, or more becoming than the small flower bonnets of today. In the park almost every sort of blossom is represented upon these. It is a canon of good taste in dress that only those flowers that are in season shall be worn. Hitherto lilac, laburnum, daisies, button roses, and the other flowers of late spring have been in the majority, but now such tints of the spectrum are to be seen, and every variety of the roses, whose growth this is. It is a little like a patchwork of cornflowers, but these have appeared in the Row. Poppies are in season, and they are liberally patronized, not only in the scarlet livery they wear in the fields, but in the lovely pale pink, yellow, and rich shaded crimsons of the cultivated variety. Black poppies are to be seen on bonnets, though nature will none of them.

Even the small bonnet is capable of being exaggerated in its smallness, as was proved by a lady who contented herself with pinning a few loops of white velvet ribbon upon the top of her head. As a rule, though, a bonnet the more elaborate is the dressing of the hair, and this is at the present moment.

The sailor hats have very narrow brims this year, much narrower than those of last season, and they are worn tilted well forward over the eyes. When the Shah was here before, both hats and bonnets were set on three hairs, as far back from the face as possible.

Every possible tint of tan appears on the shoes this year. On Sunday only black ones are seen in the park, and these are of the daintiest possible kind, with hose to match; but on week days the tan shoes are considered correct with light dresses. Some are of the natural color of the leather, while others range from a slightly deeper tone down through a gradation of shades of golden brown. It has been discovered that port wine and some sorts of claret produce a fine tint on the Russia, and amateur boot cleaners are making it a fine art this year. The best wines make the best shoe dye, and in the opinion of many excellent persons this is a better use for the contents of the decanter than the more ordinary one.

The stockings must exactly match the shoes and they should be open-worked silk ones in order to touch the topmost note of the fashion. American ladies have diffused their notions of footgear among their English sisters, with the result that the very thinnest of soles are all that intervene between the feet of some of our English maidens and the very scrubby gravel in the park.

It was rumored at the beginning of the season that black stockings were going out and white ones coming in. This has proved to be a mistake. Open-worked black silk stockings are worn with every kind of dress, including white ones and others of light tints. It is the chic thing to have shoes, stockings, gloves, and sunshades exactly alike in color, and in the evening it is absolutely indispensable that the stockings and shoes shall be precisely matched to the dress or its trimming.

Sunshades are made of the same fabric as the dresses with which they are carried, and many of the bonnets are composed of a little bit of

The Earl of Fife.



The above portrait of the Earl of Fife, the affianced husband of Princess Louise of Wales, will be of interest to many of our readers. Several portraits of the Princess have already appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT. In this particular instance public attention naturally centers round the bridegroom. The bride elect is already an interesting personage as an English princess and for once it is the bridegroom elect who is suddenly raised on a pedestal and made the object of public curiosity by virtue of his approaching marriage with the royal family.

the embroidery with which the dress is trimmed. In the case of a wonderful gown seen in the park the embroidery of steel and silver was of a highly ornate kind, and one band of it, passed round the hair at the back, formed the bonnet. —London Telegraph.

"Gath" Sees Bernhardt in Paris.

The Armand Duval was an angular fellow, with stiff hair and no tact. Bernhardt appeared, a large, not gaunt, well-bosomed, but with a long, long, affectionate smile. A Jew, she is not likely to stray back to Palestine, but is a Parisian from the ground up. Her forehead low, her eyes not very expressive, her skin pale, she owes her influence to a voice which rolls out the French like music, giving to this pretty, superficial language the authority of a sacred and burning tongue. She also is an artist of movement, without gesture, except when it is requisite, and then the gesture is like one of tranquil mind taking up a pair of tongs and clearing the house. A lady of perfect equanimity and aristocratic training, she has a whole fireplace inside of her Semitic nature, and occasionally she uses the gauntlet and you see her large face open like the liver of a fish. She knows that stage so well you dare not imagine that she ever saw it before; the littlest things she does are things of study, but the processes are extinguished. Her moving to and fro seems graceful impulsive, but it is calculated art, and yet calculated like the chemist's balance—to the ounce of action.

You must be a skeptic and your ear open to tell-tales to believe that when Bernhardt walks

behind that sofa, which is midway of the stage, and acts from it with only her shoulders and head, she is not chased there by a sense of beautiful and fawn-like fear. She does many striking things sitting and by her mere looks, but she is not a sitter, she is a walker of portent. As the world grows wealthier it likes grace, and here is, out of the moral depths of life, so to speak. Ninon de l'Enclos' sermon, and for a while, evined no uneasiness from the ticklish manners of the little insect.

All the while the child's eyes followed the movements of the fly. She was deeply interested, and looked around to see if somebody else had noticed the tiny intruder.

Suddenly the old gentleman's arm shot up, and came down with a resounding whack upon his cranium. The little one behind had been waiting for this, and sliding out of her seat before her mother could check her, she placed her chubby little hands on the old fellow's shoulders, and peering over into his face, unmindful of the time and place, asked with much animation: "Did 'oo kill it?"

Those Horrid Reporters Again.

Amy—There, that horrid reporter has done us a mean, spiteful thing.

Lily—What is it?

I told him I was going with you, Clara and Elsie to the walking-match and he set it up a "talking match." No more kisses for him.

"No indeed; not one."



Outgrown His Father.

Mr. Hawbeak—You ain't seen my son afore, have yer?

City Visitor—Why no. Very likely he isn't he.

Mr. Hawbeak—Takes after his father.

Mr. Hawbeak—You bet he does when his git's riled. Took after me four times round th' barn this mornin' 'cause I spoke kind o' irritated to him.—Judge.

Heart Easing Mirth.

Dollie—Why, who taught you how to swim?

Dollie—A doctor of dive-in-ity. (Dives)

A contemporary wants to know "whether etiquette demands a waistcoat on a hot day."

If it does it can have ours.

Maude—I tasted whisky for the first time.

May—Indeed! Where?

Maude—On Charlie's mustache!

O fresh-fish feed I have in preparation—

Sing 'hey! the cursed nuisance that you are—

For you an interesting combination;

Sing 'hey! the fluffy feather and the tar.

She—Darling, do you love me?

He (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)

—Do it! I wish you were a two-headed girl. That's all I can say!

T. Raveler—I visited the Cologne cathedral while away.

Mr. Stayhome—The odor of sanctity was very noticeable there, I suppose.

"Ah, madame," said the tramp, "I haven't had a mouthful for two days." "Why, I gave you a whole pie yesterday." "So you did, muma, so you did. But the two days I refer to are to-day and to-morrow, muma."

Hosie—Just hear that Miss Scrawnie titter. All she prays for in this world is to catch a husband.

Josie—Yes, even when she laughs she can't help saying, He! he! he!

Between a doctor and his wife.

You really believe that these medical gresses do good!

Of course I do! They keep the doctors away from their patients.

Claire—What a terrible noise that wago makes!

George—Yes, it's dreadful, isn't it?

"What makes it groan so, George?"

"Why, it's filled with green apples."

Tim—If my employer does not rethraught when he said to me this mornin', I shall lave hi service.

Phelim—Why, phwat did he say?

Tim—Sure he told me I could look for another place!

On a horse car.

First lady—Do take that seat. I don't mind standing a bit.

Second lady—No, you take it. You are older than I. An ominous silence, during which an old gentleman pops into the seat.

Clerk—There, sir, I call that a pretty good-titting pair of trousers.

Farmer Stubblefield (from Wayback Junction)—They feel all right in the seat, Bob; but, seems to me, they don't fit very snug under the arms.

Mr. Bowie (of Arkansas)—A committee of our best citizens, Mr. Smith, is waiting in the ho'sel to receive you.

Mr. Smith (who is visiting the town)—Best citizens! Great Scott! What have I done to be lynched?

Nurse—It is all right, madam. You must expect the baby to cry a little when it is first born.

Boston Mamma—It distresses me to hear him. Couldn't you get Emerson's essays and read him a few pages?

In a restaurant.

Waiter, is not this soup rather salt?

Good extra-salt, sir.

Good heavens, could anything be more salted?

The waiter, good-natured,

Your bill, sir!

As Jones and Robinson leave the cemetery (Jones looks broken-hearted.)

Robinson—I can quite understand, old man, that the thought of all these dead—

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Tom Darley had not been near enough to hear; but he had been quite near enough to see. Skulking behind the thick shelter of the shrubbery and crouching low when he could, he had slowly crept alongside the couple who were sauntering together by the water's edge.

He had watched their meeting—the glad quickening footsteps, the bright smile on either side, and the clinging clasp of the eagerly outstretched hands. And then they walked together, deeply engrossed in each other; his head had been bent towards her, her face upturned to his. Once some strong emotion had shaken the man so that he had seemed almost to weep, and during these moments Kathleen's hand had rested upon his arm with a soft caressing motion. At the sight Tom Darley had almost lost his feet, and the consciousness of his small-bred girl whom he had loved for days gone by, she had gained infinitely in a certain subtle refinement, which was no doubt born in her, and which education and association had cultivated to the utmost during the past three years.

"What a beauty she is!" murmured the rough man to himself admiringly. "What a lady she do look! And she is mine—mine! I swear I do for any man as came between us to steal her from me, whoever he might be—and that's all!" Only let me be sure which it is—

He had watched her towards him, and then he crept down upon her, his hands clasped round her waist at the first, and then he had turned away rapidly in opposite directions.

In these days Tom Darley's passion had reached such a pitch of despair, jealousy, and suspicion that it resembled madness rather than love. Brooding upon these ideas now for over three years had rendered him no longer a reasonable human being, but something much akin to an unreasoning wild beast. He had too the strange cunning of a lunatic; he could pretend to be a quiet, silent man, going unobtrusively about his business and occupied only in seeking his redoubtable employment, so as to exclude completely, as to his nature those whom he mixed with.

Long previously he had given up his farm and his honest work in order to devote himself to what he deemed the great object of his existence. He had some money laid by—enough to keep him in idleness—and, having sold for a small sum of ready money the goodwill of the acres where he had once worked so industriously, he had been able to exist upon this in comfort.

In order to remain in the neighborhood of Clortell Towers, he had installed himself in a humble lodging in a farm house not far distant from the Castle; he gave out that he was a gamekeeper out of place, and that he desired to get an engagement on Lord Elwyn's estate; and he contrived also to keep his old colt at the livery stables of the village inn, in order to be able to go out hunting when the hounds met near, with the sole object of gazing at Kathleen and of keeping a watch over her. Thus for some time he had been on the spot, and had been able to dog her footsteps and follow her proceedings in a manner totally unobserved by her.

When he had given her a promise a short time before to leave her alone until her twenty-first birthday, he had no intention of going away, only of keeping as far as he could out of sight, so that she might not be troubled by his presence. In spite of his spying and prying, Tom was very considerably bewildered in his mind as to Kathleen's admirers. He knew of course, as did everybody, high and low, upon the estate, that Sir Adrian Everell was the promised husband of Lady Elwyn's niece, Miss Mai-lain, and that their wedding, before Lord Elwyn's death, had been actually fixed for the first week in February; therefore his suspicions had naturally fallen more upon Colonel Elwyn than upon Adrian. Moreover, he had more than once followed Alfred and Kathleen home after a day's hunting, and had discovered that they invariably rode home together. For a long time Adrian had carefully avoided Kathleen in public; so that Tom had not had occasion to suspect his real feelings towards her.

On the other hand, he had never been able to make out satisfactorily who it was whom he had seen with her three years before in the kitchen-garden. Upon that long ago moonlit night, when he had peered through the bars of the old iron gateway, he had seen a man walking with Kathleen whose arm had been round her waist and who had kissed her lips. That memory had never faded from his mind, and had seethed like madness in his blood ever since; but for a time he was not able to determine who that man had been. He had seen Kathleen plainly, because the moon had shone upon her; but he had not seen the face of the man who kissed her, because it was turned away from him and was in the shadow.

Neither was he absolutely certain that it must have been Colonel Elwyn, because he had never been able to ascertain whether Colonel Elwyn had been at the Castle on that day or whether he had arrived there only twenty-four hours later. Altogether there was much confusion in his mind about the whole matter. Sometimes he fancied there must be a third man in whom Kathleen was interested; sometimes, again, he endeavored to cheat himself with the fond belief that her heart was really his, although her love of money and position stood between them.

The perception of the impossibility of a union between himself, the small-bred farmer, and Lord Elwyn's heir, had never come home to him in the least. In his eyes she was always the little Kathleen he had known in the old days, dressed in print-gowns and sun-bonnets like any other village maiden, tending her bees and flowers, handing the beer to the thirsty haymakers, and lending a helping hand with rake or sickle at whatever work was going on at the farm. In those days she had plighted her troth to him; and in poor Tom's eyes that promise made her his. No change of clothes or station could alter the irrevocable fact that she belonged to him, and no other man had a better right to her than himself.

There was something pitiable in his devotion and his doggedness, and something alarming too; for Tom Darley had within him passions which were ungovernable and savage, and which needed only to be ignited to blaze out into wild and destructive all-conquering fire. Now, as he slowly followed Kathleen's slight figure, keeping well in the distance and dodging behind shrubs and trees, he muttered savagely to himself as he went. It seemed to him that she was not only false but vile.

"She's no better than she should be!" he said to himself. "If she loved one man honestly, it would not be so bad; but she don't! She can't even let Miss Mai-lain's sweetheart alone—shame on 'er! I wonder which he'll be—she's sweet on—him or the new lord! Ah, I'll find out which of em it is, and I'll punish 'er through 'im which ever it be—cuss 'em!"

Kathleen had gone into the house. Tom crouched down below the wall of the terrace and waited. It was getting dark now, for it was five o'clock; but the windows of the drawing-room were unlighted, and a bright fire lit in the room with the brilliancy of day to the eyes of the watcher. He knew by present experience that it was here, since her father's death that Kathleen habitually sat, for the most part in solitude; and presently, accordingly, he saw her come into the room, fling her hat and jacket upon a sofa, and proceed to hold up the damp skirt of her dress to the warmth of the fire. She rang the bell, and a footman brought in a lamp. He was about to close the curtains; but apparently she told him not to do so, and gave him some other order, for he withdrew quickly. Tom favored by the gathering darkness, cautiously drew near to the windows and crouched down by the house.

Kathleen seemed to be waiting for some one. With aimless uncertain movements, she strayed restlessly about the room, taking up a book and putting it down again, drawing a chair forward and then pushing it back again. Frequently she raised her hand to her head as though disturbed by her thoughts, and then she leaned against the mantelpiece staying the hands of

the clock as though she were counting the seconds as they flew.

He could see her slight figure delineated against the fire-glow; its dainty outlines, in the close-fitting black dress, were full of suppleness and grace. She rested her elbow upon the mantelpiece and her cheek upon her hand, and the flickering light played upon her sweet pale face and reflected itself in the deep blue of her eyes. Even Tom Darley was impressed by the tender charm of her beauty. If she had lost something in the coquettishness of the small-bred girl whom he had loved for days gone by, she had gained infinitely in a certain subtle refinement, which was no doubt born in her, and which education and association had cultivated to the utmost during the past three years.

"What a beauty she is!" murmured the rough man to himself admiringly. "What a lady she do look! And she is mine—mine! I swear I do for any man as came between us to steal her from me, whoever he might be—and that's all!" Only let me be sure which it is—

He had watched her towards him, and then he crept down upon her, his hands clasped round her waist at the first, and then he had turned away rapidly in opposite directions.

Presently the door opened. The hidden watcher held his breath; he believed he was about to see Sir Adrian Everell. The man who entered was the new Lord Elwyn.

"You sent for me, Kathleen?"

She went towards him quickly, with a little tremor of excitement.

"I feel that I must speak to you," she said, nervously. "It is not right—it is not fair to you, Lord Elwyn—to delay what I have to say to you!"

He frowned a little, and his saturnine face looked a shade more grim than usual, as he stood looking down upon her.

"What do you mean? And why do you not call me by my Christian name?"

She took no notice of the question, but went on hurriedly:

"I do not know what you will say to me, or whether perhaps you may not be very angry with me; and yet it is worse that we should go on like this, and that I should leave you in ignorance. I have wished for an opportunity of seeing you alone; but you have been so busy, and I am unhappy with my own grief in my own rooms, that I have not known how to seek an interview till this evening. When I came in, the door was closed, and I saw in it an expression of alarm, as though someone were disturbed; and so I thought I might venture to send for you."

"Pray explain your meaning, Kathleen."

"What?" He caught her by the wrist, almost with a savage violence, and he held her tightly. "How dare you say such words to me!"

"Do not—You hurt my hands!" she cried. "Oh, do not look so angry! You must know that that engagement between us can have no real binding force. The promise I gave you was wrung from me by my poor father's condition. Doctor Grieves had told me that to contrive him might be fatal to him. I did not dare to oppose him. You must have known that: you must have seen it in my face in my eyes. You must surely understand that in such a position as mine I was not a free agent!"

"Only—only that I cannot be your wife."

"What?" He caught her by the wrist, almost with a savage violence, and he held her tightly. "How dare you say such words to me!"

"Do not—You hurt my hands!" she cried. "Oh, do not look so angry! You must know that that engagement between us can have no real binding force. The promise I gave you was wrung from me by my poor father's condition. Doctor Grieves had told me that to contrive him might be fatal to him. I did not dare to oppose him. You must have known that: you must have seen it in my face in my eyes. You must surely understand that in such a position as mine I was not a free agent!"

"What I understand is that you are bound to me by the most solemn oath by which it is possible for woman to bind herself to a man—that across your dying father's body you swore to be my wife, and that you will merit his curse in this world, and in the next, if you break your oath to him now that he is dead!"

There was a brief silence. Lord Elwyn had spoken solemnly and impressively; subduing his rage, he had felt that the gravity of his appeal was the best chance he had of carrying his point. He had spoken very seriously, steadily. Kathleen held her head; she could not fail to be moved by such solemn words. For a few moments she was cowed and her heart failed her. Was she indeed bound to this man, whom she certainly feared and almost began to hate? Then came a revulsion of her whole nature. No—ten thousand times no! It was impossible! Heaven could not be so unjust or man so cruel!

"He will not curse me!" she cried, flinging up her head bravely. "My father—who is now in heaven, and who, if he sees me at all, will be able to judge of my actions far more rightly than he could while he was on earth—will not allow those words which affection for him and consideration for his health caused me to utter to be brought up in judgment against me. You cannot frighten me with a conjured-up vision of his spiritual vengeance, Lord Elwyn. I refuse to be frightened—and I refuse to marry him!"

"Kathleen!"

"Listen to me! Do not be angry!" She came up to him and laid her hands upon his arm. "Do not become my enemy because I decline to be your wife! I have perhaps better and stronger reasons than you can possibly know for what I am doing."

"Ah—some other man—that vile low intriguer perhaps!" he hissed furiously.

"No, no—no other man! I am not going to marry at all. I am going to find some lady who will come and live with me, so that I may make a honest woman of her."

She started violently, sat upright upon the sofa, and at the sight of him uttered a smothered cry and turned deadly pale.

"Which is it, lass—which is it?" he said, in a low hissing whisper. "It's all I wanted to ask of ye—which of them two is it—which?"

"What do you mean, Tom?" she gasped, pressing her hands with all her strength upon her throat to stop the almost convulsive cries which in her unnerved state seemed to be forcing their way into existence. "How did you come here, Tom? Who let you in?" She grew calmer as she asked the questions.

"Never you mind, Kathie. Answer me what I ask of you. I've seen 'em both, mind—seen 'em with my own eyes; so you can't deceive me or lie to me. Is it the man as kissed you so hard and held you so tight in his arms—the new Lord Elwyn—who is him as has come between you and me? Is that the man? Or is it the other—he was sent out just this minute, Miss Mai-lain's sweetie, was makin' up to you and making it false to me?"

"Oh, no, no, no," she cried wildly, half beside herself with terror—for there was something in the very calmness of his questioning which seemed to freeze the blood within her and to revive again all her worst and most horrible fears. "No, no, Tom—it's not he—not Sir Adrian Everell! He is, as you say, Miss Mai-lain's lover; he is nothing to me—nothing—I do not even like him! He talks to me about—about her; to me he is nothing—nothing—nothing!"

She clutched at his hands in her desperation, terror grasping them tight and pressing them hard between her own.

"Ah, then it is the other—it is Lord Elwyn!" he said slowly, his eyes looking black and gloomy. "If it ain't one, Kathie, it's the other! You can't hoodwink me—I've seen too much! It's Lord Elwyn as stands between us, lass! Don't you go for to deny it! If it ain't Sir Adrian, it be the new lord. Is it him?"

"Yes—yes—it is—he!" she answered distractingly. "It is no one else—it is he!"

"Well, doctor, if there is anything very serious the matter with him, tell me all about it in such a way that I can't understand it."

→

A Sympathetic Servant.

Coachman—What's the matter with you?

Maid—I can't bear to see how the cook steals from the mistress. From now on I'm going to steal, too.

→

Flower Language.

German officer (to awkward recruit)—You don't seem to love the sea, Mr. Jones.

Seaside Passenger—Well, I ought to; I've given up almost everything for it.

→

A Considerate Mother.

Neighbor—You seem to be very tired, Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown—Yes; I have been out in the garden hiding Easter eggs in the grass for the dear children to find them. It is such fun for them.

→

A Sympathetic Servant.

Coachman—What's the matter with you?

Maid—I can't bear to see how the cook steals from the mistress. From now on I'm going to steal, too.

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→

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

He turned corner of the leafy winding lane and stood still with a half-smothered impatience on his lips, his eyes half-closed and unconscious of him, the two figures which he had more than expected to see. They had only just met; Guy could tell from the words that his brother was speaking—speaking in a discontented, irritable tone, plainly angry with himself for being there, perhaps ashamed, yet curious and wondering too.

"You've kept me waiting a precious long time, Mr. Dwight! I've been here not a second less than twenty minutes. If you make mysterious appointments, my friend, you should learn to keep them."

"I made a mistake in the time, Mr. Oldcastle," Gabriel Dwight returned, with no perceptible railing. "I'm not to blame, but I was although the other tone had been as indolently contented as it well could be. Indeed Duke deserved himself for being there almost as much as he did the man whose summons he had found himself too weak and too curious to resist. "I am exceedingly sorry," said Gabriel Dwight courteously.

"Well, what is it that you want with me, now that you are here?" Duke asked ungraciously, after a pause which he waited vainly for the other to break. "You have hatched up some cock-and-bull story, it strikes me, or some one has hatched up one for you and taken you in with it. And I must say that I don't see how on earth it comes about that you are mixed up with our affairs at all."

"I am quite willing to say that it is curious, sir."

"Curious? I'm willing to say that it's most confoundedly queer! But now, Mr. Dwight, once for all, what is the meaning of the note you sent to me? If you can, as you say, show me that I ought to be a rich man instead of a poor one, that won't do me much good. If you can show me how to turn myself from the one into the other, why, that's another piece of business, and you're a vast deal cleverer than I take you for. Now what does it all mean, and what's your game? That's what I want to know."

The words ended in an amazed ejaculation. Guy came forward in a stride, laid his powerful hand upon his brother's arm, and forcibly bore him back a pace.

"Are you out of your senses," he said in a whisper, and in a tone of bitter reproach, "that you pander to a perfumed wretch such as this? Is our mother's good name nothing to you? Are you mad?"

Duke did not resent the words. In his selfish easy way he loved his mother, and her name thus spoken recalled him to himself as nothing else could have done, and recalled too the previous night, and his face was hot with the blood that rushed swiftly to it. "I was ashamed of myself, if you'll believe it, for the position, and too genuinely and honestly too to think of bluster or defiance. In his heart he was glad that his brother had interrupted them—that he had had no chance of listening to another word from Gabriel Dwight. He must have been mad not to fling the creature's letter into the fire and waste no further thought upon it or its writer.

All this he thought in the moment of confounded and ashamed silence, while Guy's strong hand yet grasped his arm. Then it was released, and the elder brother turned to Gabriel Dwight, speaking much as he had spoken on the preceding night, coolly and deliberately, though the passion which he held in curb had made his swarthy face as white as it could grow.

"I warned you last night, Mr. Dwight," he said. "I repeat the warning now, and for the last time. Let me see or hear of you near here again—let me find out that you attempt to hold any communication with any one in my household—and I will have you indicted as a rogue and a vagabond. You won't find the treadmill pleasant—perhaps experience has told you that already; but that I'll do, I swear! Now" he stepped back, with a contemptuous movement of the hand—"now go, and remember that I mean what I say, for your own sake."

"I came here to speak to your brother," Gabriel Dwight said, suddenly standing on his ground, although his face was suddenly hot and damp as it had been on the previous night—not to you, Sir Guy Oldcastle. Perhaps he will say whether he has any more to say to me, or," he added significantly, "if he wishes to hear what I came to say to him."

"No, I don't!" Duke said bluntly. "I'm sorry that I was fool enough to pay any attention to you, and I'm glad that I was prevented from listening to any more of your rubbish. And, as for what my brother has said, Mr. Dwight, if you're wise you'll take his advice and show a clean pair of heels as fast as you can. You had better, you know, for he means what he says, and it does not stand fooling. If he or any of his friends were here, he'd make it hot for you, you may rely on it."

He had drawn a pace nearer to Gabriel Dwight with the last words, and lowered his voice a little. Guy had swung round upon his heel, waiting for his brother to turn and join him. In a second the man's large flaccid hand had fallen upon Duke's shoulder and gripped it tightly.

"You're a fool," he said in his ear. "I'm sorry that I was fool enough to pay any attention to you, and I'm glad that I was prevented from listening to any more of your rubbish. And, as for what my brother has said, Mr. Dwight, if you're wise you'll take his advice and show a clean pair of heels as fast as you can. You had better, you know, for he means what he says, and it does not stand fooling. If he or any of his friends were here, he'd make it hot for you, you may rely on it."

The meal came to an end at last. Lady Oldcastle arose and left the room; Mr. Plumptre gathered up his letters and went off to the library to answer them—and to go to sleep perhaps. Adela, rather guiltily evading Angel, who was bousing a huge ball in one of the side passages leading from the hall, went into the morning-room and stood by its glass doors, open to the flower garden beneath the terrace, waiting until Guy should finish the letter or two which had demanded an immediate answer, and they could go down to the shore together for their walk in the Belle Aurora.

He was miserable—in a state of wretched indecision, deeply perplexed, haunted by the last words of Gabriel Dwight, struggling with a reluctant shame which prompted him to banish all thoughts of the man and his insidious hints; but he was not strong enough, not resolute enough to do so. The thought returned persistently, taunting him, urging him, goading him. He looked furtively at his mother, sitting in the stateliness of her matronly beauty in the place she adored so well, and from her to the grave dark face of his elder brother.

What was this secret? Had she told Guy, who was sitting there with that quietly inscrutable look? "Whom do you threaten? What was it?" What more would he have heard last night but for that tantalizing question, lastly, ceaselessly and always, came the question to himself which he was too weak to thrust away from him—should he ask Mrs. Uglow the housekeeper who Martin Langton was?

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The girl's sweet face, with an unconscious smile of happiness curving the red lips, was a pleasant sight to see as she stood in her closely-fitting blue serge boating-dress holding her dainty sailor hat, all ready to put on as soon as Guy should appear. They would not waste a moment of their last morning at the Towers, she thought. Sugbrooke was not half so nice. There was a step outside upon the gravel, and she leaned forward eagerly. Was Guy coming that way? And how quick he had been! No; it was only Duke, looking slowly with his head down at the broad path which led toward the stables. Adela leaned against the dark oak paneling which made such a charming background for her pretty head, and began as she waited, to sing softly to herself.

When he reached the quadrangle upon which the barred windows of still rooms and pantries looked, Duke Oldcastle paused with an uneasy frown upon his moody face. Should he go on? Should he turn back? Once he did start round and walked a few paces of the way he had come, but loitered, lingered, and turned again. He could not keep his eyes from the one window which was so different from the rest, with its snowy curtains and its brilliant blinds.

Now, in spite of his use, he knew well that the haunting curiosity of which he was uneasily ashamed must vanquish the feeble resistance which was all that he could bring to bear against it. He muttered an ugly word to himself in the midst of wretched doubt and indecision, and paced to and fro again irresolutely.

He was penniless, desperate, and helpless. He turned as he walked, and, with an inarticulate mutter of rage, shook his clenched hand at the dark mass of the stately Towers. Could he do nothing against them whom yesterday he had seemed to hold the power to destroy? Could he do nothing to blacken the name of the proud woman who had scorned him even while his fingers were on her neck—noting to revenge himself upon the man who had struck

him and bidden his servants thrust him from his doors?

No; he was too wise to try it. What could insidious whispers against such a name as theirs avail from such lips as his? But was there no proof to be got—say, or even manufactured? That housekeeper, with her downcast eyes and her soft step, surely she knew something? He had felt certain of that on the day of his first visit to Oldcastle Towers. Could she help him? Would she? Had he been a fool again when he drew that rash bow at a venture, and told Marmaduke Oldcastle to question Mrs. Uglow? On his behalf he had made very urgent the old man's brother had made him do it. He had been so lucky all his life, he had played his shameful game so often and won; what imp of mischief was doing now that he should fail with the greatest stake he had ever played? He would not be beaten! Again, what could he do?

He had wandered farther than he knew along the edge of the cliff. As he turned once more to look at the frowning mass of the Towers, he was just upon the projection that formed the upper jaw of the huge "Shark's Mouth," the slimy base of which was lapped by the incoming tide—at its highest just then. As he turned and drove his steed toward the Towers, and raised his impotent hand against it, a jagged flake of light shot from the black sky, followed by a something which seemed to reverberate in the hollow beneath his uneasy feet. The storm had burst! The startled man reeled, staggered, slipped, and the wild scream of despair and horror which he uttered as he knew his doom was stilled in his throat as the water caught him and bore him away.

CHAPTER XXX.

A bright morning followed the storm. Lady Adela, putting her head out of one of the windows of her sitting-room before she obeyed the impatient gong and ran down to breakfast, had her pretty sun-burnt cheeks kissed into a pair of blush-roses by the sweet west wind which blew from the tranquil sea—one broad glittering expanse of the light. The girl drew in her hand again, with a smile of satisfaction and nodded to old Pinkum, who was still struggling with the difficulties of a final packing up.

"We shall have a lovely day after all, Pinkum! I'm so glad of that, although I hardly dared to expect it after the storm last night. The thunder was simply awful!"

"Ah, then, my lady, sure an' it was like the Judgment Day entirely!" cried Pinkum, casting her eyes up to the ceiling.

"Nonsense, you foolish old thing!" laughed Adela. "What do you know about Judgment Days, pray? But it is a good thing that it is so fine, and his face was hot with the blood that rushed swiftly to it. "I was ashamed of myself, if you'll believe it, for we are going for a sail this morning," she ran on, with a timid movement of affection towards him. "I—I don't like to see you look like that. Are you mad?"

"Duke did not resent the words. In his selfish easy way he loved his mother, and her name thus spoken recalled him to himself as nothing else could have done, and recalled too the previous night, and his face was hot with the blood that rushed swiftly to it. "I was ashamed of myself, if you'll believe it, for we are going for a sail this morning," she ran on, with a timid movement of affection towards him. "I—I don't like to see you look like that. Are you mad?"

"Sir Guy," said Duke abruptly—"that's it; I'm well enough, but I'm worried, Mrs. Uglow—frightfully worried! Look here, I've come to ask you a question, and I know—mind, I know that you can answer it before I ask it. If I was not aware of that, I should let it alone as far as you are concerned. But I do know it, and so I'm going to ask it."

"Mr. Duke," panted the housekeeper, her lips quivering, "what—what—?" Her voice trembled, and she had rung the bell.

"What is it?" he said coolly and deliberately.

"You know before I ask, I see. This is what it is. Who was the man called Martin Langton?"

table, her head with its snowy cap and snowier hair bent over a neat ruled account book, a pen poised in its long white hand. She looked up as the young man's shadowed figure stood by the window, and, in spite of the sudden brightening of her face as her eyes fell upon her foster-sister, Duke could not restrain an exclamation of surprise at the change in her.

He had not seen her face to face since that evening when he had sauntered across the quadrangle, and, half in jest, half in earnest, in his mingled indolence and chagrin, had leaned against her window-sash and talked to her, telling her of his impending departure from Oldcastle Towers. Each day might have been year from the alteration in her face. In spite of his life, he had always been remarkable for a air of alertness, freshness, and singularly suggestive of youth, an air which was matched by her bright eyes and her lithe nimble movements. It was gone now. Her cheeks were hollow, her black eyes sunken and lustreless, her lips parched and pale; her movement, as she rose from her chair, was that of a very old decrepit woman; it was so uncertain, weak, and wavering.

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Duke went on into the room, fixing his gloomy eyes upon her, wondering how he should frame the question which he was resolved to ask. If anything had been needed to strengthen his vacillating determination, he would have found it in this change in her. The passionate affection and devotion of the look was used to, but not its trembling fear and avoidance. Why should the woman fear him and tremble before him like a criminal detected? Did she guess that he had come to ask who Martin Langton was?

"Can't you guess?" said the young poetaster.

"Well, it may seem selfish, but I do want the credit of my own work."

"Why shouldn't you have it?"

The young man looked sympathetically at his friend.

"My dearest fellow," said he, "can't you see how it is? If I use only two of my initials, people will soon associate them with my name; but if I write W. E. G. the ex-Premier will get all the credit that belongs to me!"

you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will be of service to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me. Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable; nothing more happy than to know you were so. In what I have now said I think I cannot be misunderstood; and to make myself understood is the only object of this letter. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you condescend to write back, speak as plainly as I do. There can be neither harm nor danger in saying to me anything you think, just in the manner you think it.

Your friend, LINCOLN."

Probably this is the queerest love letter on record, and the most remarkable offer of marriage ever made. It is a love letter without a word of love and a proposal of marriage that does not propose.

Jealous of her Fame.

An aspiring young Englishman, who had written yards of verses for the paper published in his native town, at first used his initials, W. E. G. for a signature. Later, however, he omitted the middle letter, and a friend asked him the reason.

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Irrelevant Impudence.

Evangelist—I shall deal to-day with especial reference to the course of cards.

Voice (from a back seat)—Shuffle! fore yer deals an' give us er chance ter cut.

A Load Off His Mind.

He—Will you become my wife?

She—Never!

He (gleefully)—Splendid! I'm glad to know that.

"We will keep right on taking buggy rides together. You don't know how relieved I feel to hear you talk that way."

Before and After.

Evening Caller—I have been wondering who those two framed portraits are, one a beautiful young girl, the other a wrinkled, sad-faced old woman.

Pretty Hostess—Oh, that's ma, before and after marriage.

Vocabulary of Oaths.

Infidel—help me Bob.

Vassar Girl—By gum.

Musician—Fiddlesticks.

Tailor—Odds Bodkins.

Labor Agitator—By George.

Filled the Bill.

Flashman (about to invest in some summer tides)—Show me something handsome, delicate and reasonable.

Saleslady—What's the matter with me?

A Tall Student in the Vegetarian School.

Mrs. Manhattan—Your son is in college, I believe?

Mrs. Picklebottom (of Chicago)—Yes; he's been there a year now and he has been promoted to the sycamore class.

An Anchor to Windward.

Agnes—What is troubling you so, love?

George—I was thinking if you declined me when I proposed to night, whether I should accept that heiress who is so anxious to marry me.

Agnes—Why, George, you know I love you.

Educational Item.

Parent (visiting his son at college)—Tell me in how many bar-rooms do you owe bills?

Hopeful so—I owe money for drinks in the Gently Dreaming saloon, the Sample Room, the Iron Front saloon and the Tom and Jerry.

"Hold up, now. Tell me, is there any one in which you don't owe money?"

"Not that I know of."

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To the Woods.



Hi! I stole a march on you last week, girls! and had a delightful little trip. Though I went such a short distance north there seemed quite a difference in the vegetation, I felt as though I had been dreaming it was July and waking found it June.

How I wish it were possible for me to give you an idea of the loveliness of a spot in the depth of the woods to which we penetrated one day. But not even a poet's pen, I think, could do that—the painter's art alone could give some faint image of its still and radiant beauty.

Not a cloud was in the sky; not a breath of wind stirred the air so clear, cool and sweet that it seemed a very elixir of life.

Along the wayside ran a little stream whose banks were decked by great marsh ferns, sedges and grapes, from which popped out the little blue-eyed brooklime, or stood boldly up the vervein's dark purple flowers.

The wild grape hung its festoons between tree and tree in such dense masses as almost to screen from sight the forest aisles beyond, but when we lifted the curtain and peeped under the great beeches and

"Dark maple where the wood-thrush sings,

And bowses of fragrant sassafras."

What a wealth of beauty lay before us. The golden light that filtered down through the thick foliage showed the earth carpeted with flowers. The woodruff's viney tangle of delicate light-green whorls grew all about, dividing the open spaces with the partridge berry's dainty vine of wonderfully veined and variegated leaves—whose scale of color runs from lightest

emerald to darkest myrtle—all starred with small white blossoms, which, at first glance, looked almost like those of the trailing arbutus. The deep yellow blossoms of the milkwort shone brightly out; and the frail and fragrant shiny leaf, "making earth odorous with its breath," so long vanished from our more southern

woods, was bloom'g freely there. The delicate many-shaded yellow flowers of the false honeysuckle looked down on the snowy blossoms of the slender and seemingly endless vine of a species of strawberry that crept everywhere, even twining and knotting round the great tree trunks, or sometimes springing spontaneously from clefts in their bark several feet from the ground.

There was a variety and wild luxuriance of ferns I have rarely seen equalled. Two kinds of maiden-hair displayed their slender grace only a few yards apart. The lovely little beech fern was overshadowed by gigantic bracken four feet high, whose wide stretching arms measured fully thirty inches from tip to tip; the sensitive shield, New York and lace ferns—all monsters of their kind—grew side by side, and an exquisite tiny frond, which I there saw for the first time, sought to hide with its love.

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SONG . Unda Towe (thoughtfully)—What changes a few years make, don't they, Mama! Mrs. Towe (reflectively)—Yes, indeed, my dear! Five years ago, if I had asked you to go to school in a dress as short as that you would have cried your eyes out!—Puck.

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that their graceful leafage was scarcely visible. Great plump tufts of the ostrich-feather fern, three, sometimes even four feet high, dotted

the foamy whiteness, and from the over-hanging branches of the surrounding trees hung down lovely tapering trails of the native or wild Virginia creeper. Here and there a few cone-flowers lifted up their brown hearted orange discs, and a profusion of tall raspberry bushes, their slender arching stems all

gemmed with light green leaves and ruby colored fruit against the cream white blossoms. And higher than all except the topmost branches of the elder bushes, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups of three or four, the gay feather reared its spikes of beautiful lilac-purple flowers about which beat

"The tiger-moths' deep damasked wings."

Picture it; the purple and orange, the crimson and white and green; the perfumed air where

"Silver winged and tawny bodied wild bees flew

"Flowers over, thickets through and through,"

the glow of the sunshine; the dark stillness of the woods around; and over all the cloudless blue of the sky.

Was it not well worth going a hundred miles to see? Such scenes as these have more than an evanescent charm. For those who really love them, they are perennial in their beauty. Seemingly forgotten, they are really up- treasured in our memories, and some day when weary and disheartened, or amid distasteful or sad surroundings, they, like Wordsworth's "host of daffodils,"

"Flash upon that inward eye

"Which is the bliss of solitude,"

and prove the truth another poet teaches:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." D. B.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

A Sea Change.

Pulling Not Pilfering.

Farmer—Here, young scamp, what are you

stealing my corn for?

Young Forager—I ain't; I'm only pullin' its ears.

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Births.

FENSON—On July 23, at Toronto, Mrs. John Fenson, Jr.—a daughter.

VICK—On July 21st, at Owen Sound, Mrs. J. P. Vick—a daughter.

ANDERSON—On July 17, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Anderson—a daughter.

SAUNDERS—On July 14, at Toronto, Mrs. B. S. Saunders, Jr.—a daughter.

WALKER—On July 17, at Toronto, Mrs. B. E. Walker—a daughter.

PARSONS—On July 22, at Toronto, Mrs. Arthur R. Parsons—a daughter.

BARWICK—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Walter Barwick—a son.

CLARKE—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. W. F. Clarke—a son.

CLARK—On July 14, at Portland, Oregon, Mrs. George Clark—a son, still born.

GLENDON—On July 13, at Toronto, Mrs. M. W. Glendon—a daughter.

EDMUNDSON—On July 24, at Bradford, Mrs. T. Edmundson—two girls.

SNEGLEROVE—On July 19, at Cobourg, Mrs. H. J. Snelgrove—a daughter.

HUNT—On July 21, at St. George, Ont., Mrs. A. E. Hunt—a daughter.

CLANCY—On July 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Ed. Clancy—a daughter.

YOUNG—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Ed. T. Young—a son.

GWYN—On July 20, at Palmerston, Mrs. Cyril Gwyn—a son.

BUSH—On July 22, at Toronto, Mrs. H. W. Bush—a son.

CAMERON—On July 24, at Wiarton, Mrs. J. K. Cameron—a daughter.

LYNN—On July 20, at Sunderland, Mrs. F. J. Lynch—a son.

SPAN—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas Span—a daughter.

THOMPSON—On July 19, at Toronto, Mrs. E. A. Thompson—a daughter.

TURNER—On July 20, at Toronto, Mrs. A. Henry Taylor—a daughter.

WATSON—On July 20, at Wellington, Mrs. G. R. Watson—a daughter.

DELAPORE—At Toronto, Mrs. Alex Delaporte—a son.

LE MESURER—On June 18, at Darjeeling, Bengal, India, Mrs. G. G. Le Mesurer—a son.

Marriages.

WILSON—**FISHER**—On July 17, at Sunny Home, Crows Nest, by the Rev. W. F. Wilson, brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. Mr. Harris, Dr. R. G. Wilson of North Toronto to Lottie, youngest daughter of George Fisher of Crows Nest.

BLAKE—**LAW**—On July 16, at Murray Bay, William Hume Blake of Toronto to Alice Jean Law of Montreal.

BROWN—**MC LAUGHLIN**—On July 17, at Toronto, Neil Broome, son of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, to Mary McLaughlin, daughter of the late Rev. O. C. McLaughlin of St. John's, Newfoundland.

CROFT—**FORSTER**—On July 16, at Cremore, Ont., Rev. O. Croft of Streetsville to Lucy Allan Forster.

COCKBURN—**HALL**—On July 17, at Toronto, John Cockburn of Kingston to Winnie Hall of Parkdale.

EARL—**BLAINE**—On July 16, at Toronto, John Rae to Mata Bullock of Row, Scotland.

STRANGE—**FORD**—On July 2, at Montreal, John Strange of Kingston to Alison Russell Ford of Burford, Ont.

TROTTER—**ABBOTT**—On July 17, at Toronto, Robert Trotter to Mary Abbott.

SCULL—**BARBER**—On July 17, at Brockton, Wm. Scull of Toronto to Lizzie Barber of Bradford.

LOCKE—**SCOTT**—On July 16, at Toronto, William Locke of Cleveland, Ohio, to Emma Scott of Whitechurch, Ont.

ANSON—**TAYLOR**—On July 23, at Richmond Hill, Will D. Atkin son to Frank Trench.

SMITH—**HARE**—On July 23, at Oshawa, William Allison Smith of Port Perry to Kate Hare of Oshawa.

MC MEEHAN—**MC MEEHAN**—On July 23, at Gananoque, Arthur and MacMeahan, Ph. D., to Edith May Cowan.

MACNAUL—**FRASER**—On July 22, 1880, at Toronto, Clarence Leroy Macnaul to Jessie C. Fraser, both of Orillia.

EISHORN—**MOORE**—On July 16, at Cambridge, Rev. Geo. J. Eishorn of Toronto to Flora Moore.

DAVISON—**BUN**—**POX**—On July 24, at Burlington, William Davidson to Marion Bastedo Bunton.

SINCLAIR—**WILLIS**—On July 24, at Cobourg, Alexander Sinclair of Guelph to Ida Louise Willis.

Deaths.

FORD—On July 16, at San Diego, Cal., James Ford of Parkdale, aged 23 years.

MINTYRE—On July 18, at St. Catharines, Thomas McIntyre, aged 79 years.

TODD—On July 18, at West Toronto Junction, James Todd, aged 83 years.

WEBER—On July 19, at Grimsby, Ont., Mrs. Eliza Weber.

CLARK—On July 15, at Portland, Oregon, Mrs. Geo. Clark.

MINTYRE—On July 15, at Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. Margaret R. McIntyre.

ROBERTSON—On July 20, at Crosshill, Hatley, P.Q., Canada, Mrs. Thea Robertson.

NELLES—On July 21, at Simeon, Mrs. Mary Hardy Nelles, aged 92 years.

SWORD—On July 24, at Toronto, Robt. Sword.

BRABANT—On July 24, at Toronto, William Edwin Brabant, aged 13 months.

RICHARDS—On July 21, at Toronto, Alice May Richards, aged 13 months.

MITCHELL—On July 18, at Toronto, Irene Kerr Mitchell, aged 8 months.

THOMPSON—On July 21, at Toronto, Andrew Thompson, aged 31 years.

WEBB—On July 22, at Collingwood, George W. Webb, aged 61 years.

COLWELL—On July 22, at Toronto, Frederick Harold Colwell, aged 57 years.

DYE—On July 21, at Toronto, William Dye, aged 57 years.

LEAN—On July 21, at Toronto, Reginald Stanley, infant son of Edward and Eleanor Lean.

DUNN—On July 22, at Toronto, Mrs. John Dunn, aged 8 years.

RATCLIFFE—On July 23, at Toronto, Fanny Ratcliffe, aged 45 years.

HUSTON—On July 23, at Stratford, Mrs. J. S. Huston.

MILLER—On July 23, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Miller, aged 28 years.

DENIOR—On July 24, at Baden, Ont., Mrs. Mary Ann Denior, aged 66 years.

WILSON—On July 24, at Toronto, Alexander Wilson, aged 74 years.

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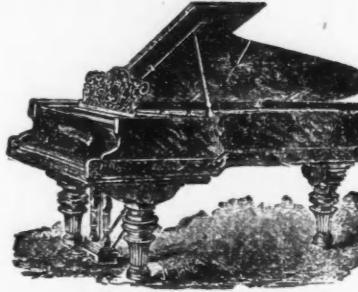
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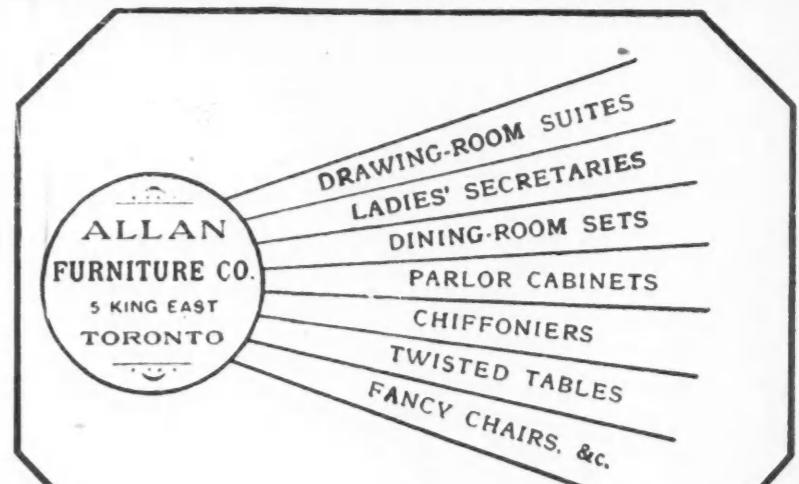


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